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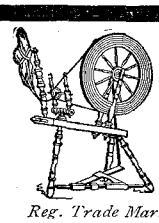

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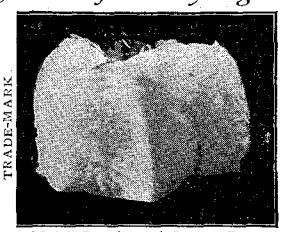

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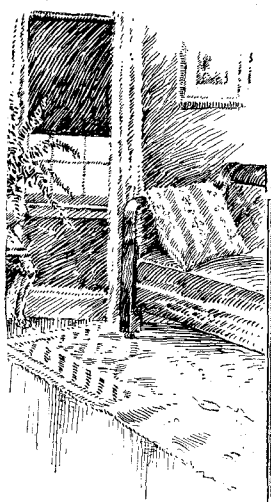

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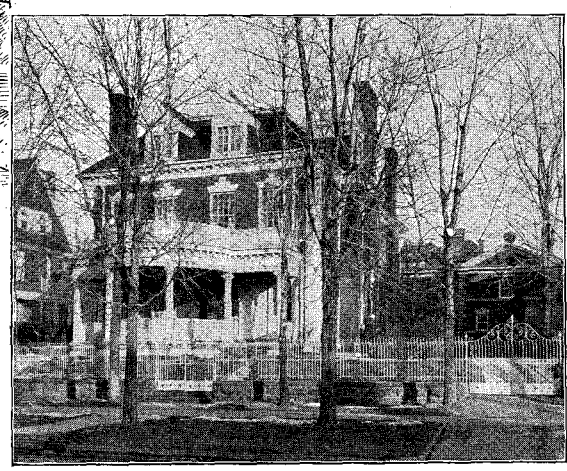

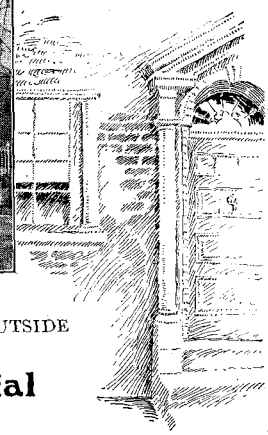

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The Outlook

14 NOVEMBER, 1908

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LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
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THE ELECTION

The revised election returns from States in which the vote was close have increased the electoral vote for Mr. Taft from 314, as we reported it last week, to 321. Mr. Taft received the eighteen votes of Missouri, earlier credited to his opponent, but lost the five votes of Colorado and six of the eight votes of Maryland. In Maryland the divided electoral vote, which was also split four years ago, seems to have resulted from the use of an intricate form of ballot which makes it difficult for the less intelligent voters, among whom negroes of course predominate, to indicate their intentions accurately. The first two electors on the Republican ticket were chosen, while the six who followed them were defeated. Presumably those voters who marked only the first names on the list of electors intended to vote for the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President, but failed to express their real intentions through ignorance. Clearly, the division of Maryland's vote does not represent the real sentiment of the electorate of the State. A significant fact shown by the returns is that Mr. Bryan was not defeated by any section of the country. Rather he was supported only by a section—the solid South—and was beaten by a united North, East, and West. Mr. Taft's popular plurality is estimated at a million one hundred thousand. This plurality is not half of that received by Mr. Roosevelt four years ago, but it is a quarter more than that of Mr. McKinley in 1900 and nearly twice that of Mr. McKinley in 1896. At the present writing the popular vote for the Socialist candidate has not been definitely ascertained, but it is admitted that it falls considerably below the figure expected not only by the Socialists themselves, but by other political observers. The solid South has not yet been broken, as far as electoral votes are concerned. But three Republican Congressmen have been elected in North Carolina and two in Virginia. In the vote for President, too, the Republican party has made definite gains in Southern States, notably Alabama and Georgia. An editorial in the Atlanta Constitution, edited by Mr. Clark Howell, a Democratic leader, says:

> In Tuesday's election the Southern States began the writing of their political declaration of independence. The result means that the time has passed when a resident of one of these States must buy his social security, often, perhaps, at the price of his political convictions. Many business men, the South over, most of them adherents of the Democracy all their lives, dared to support hopefully and openly the candidates of the Republican party, because their conviction led them that way. The Constitution is indorsing their action only to the extent of saying they were right in giving material expression to their true convictions. We may differ with them upon the wisdom of their choice, without once putting it upon sectional grounds. . . . That Southern vote which, in firm belief, wrenched itself away from sectional political tradition—and it was a large one—was significant. It means that the South is no longer to be kept as a voting machine; as a slice of country to be depended on to go solidly Democratic though the heavens fall; as a mere tail to what by itself would be an unflyable Northern Democratic kite. It means that the time has come when the voter of the South is going to demonstrate his faith by works, and not let conviction wait upon a cobwebbed tradition which a new nationalism has decreed must be brought up to date, to stand the test of the reason of the hour, or fall if it fails to do so.

The later returns show that Mr. Herbert S. Hadley, the Republican candidate, was elected Governor of Missouri. Mr. Hadley has made an admirable record as Prosecuting Attorney of Jackson County and as Attorney-General of the State. His election over his opponent, a machine politician of the old type, is a victory for the forces of law and order and for the principle of regulation of

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corporations. A no less significant victory was the re-election of Judge Ben Lindsey as Judge of the Juvenile Court in Denver. The remarkable work of Judge Lindsey in saving the youth of his city from lives of crime and vice has been described several times in The Outlook. In his campaign for re-election he was opposed by the machines and the bosses of both parties, and his election in an independent candidacy by a plurality of over ten thousand is a triumphant vindication of his work and an encouraging indication of the fundamental belief of the people in the right things. In unpleasant contrast to this victory for decency was the defeat of Senator Colby in New Jersey. He was beaten by a coalition, secret but unquestionable, between the two party machines in the city of Newark, by which Republican votes against Colby and the Republican candidate for Sheriff were traded for Democratic votes for other Republican candidates. In six years Senator Colby and his associates have accomplished a great deal in their fight against boss rule and corporation domination in political affairs. This defeat will be a serious check to the cause of the New Idea, but it will be only a check; the men of the New Idea are too sincere and determined to stop fighting.

THE CONVICTION OF CHARLES W. MORSE

Charles W. Morse, reputed to be a "multi-millionaire," was sentenced last week by Judge Hough in the United States Circuit Court in New York to fifteen years' penal servitude in the Federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia. He was convicted by a jury of criminally misapplying funds of the National Bank of North America. His co-defendant, Alfred H. Curtis, the former President of the bank, was also convicted, but was set free under a suspended sentence, because both the Federal District Attorney and the jury urged clemency in his case. It was contended that he had strenuously resisted Mr. Morse's methods and had committed his own illegal acts under practical duress. The conviction and sentence of Mr. Morse will have a most salutary effect upon the country. It will indicate that the Federal Government does not administer one kind of justice for a defaulting bank clerk and another kind for a dishonest bank owner; it will strengthen the hands of those citizens and officials who are determined that American industry and finance shall be carried on along lines of common honesty; and it will make a profound impression upon those financiers and directors of corporations who have formed the notion that the man who is successful in accumulating millions is therefore superior to the operation of the law, and can, with the aid of astute legal advisers, make his own laws. The situation in which Mr. Morse finds himself commands the sympathy of his friends, but he deserves the pity rather than the sympathy of the public. A man of excellent New England ancestry, a graduate of Bowdoin, which holds a very high place among New England colleges, with all the advantages of physical attractiveness and personal charm, he has persisted, in spite of the warning of Government officials and the advice of personal friends, in following a career of "get-rich-quick" finance. He organized the American Ice Company, of unsavory reputation, out of which the promoters made large sums of money at the expense of much suffering on the part of the poor of New York; he became the head of a great corporation or group of corporations controlling the coastwise and river steam navigation of the Atlantic States; and, in order to carry out his gigantic industrial schemes, he obtained control of a chain of banks, including the National Bank of North America, for wrecking which he has just been sent to prison. His method was to use the funds which he could get at through these banks to promote his corporation schemes. The failure of these schemes did more than any other one thing to bring on the panic of last autumn and winter, and to a very large extent Mr. Morse is answerable for the collapse of the Knickerbocker Trust Company and the tragedy of death and suffering which followed. No recent American career has more vividly illustrated the truth of the saying that a passion for money is a root of all evils.

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THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO THE FORE

The German Emperor has again become the most prominent figure on the European stage. He is a strong man and dares to be unconventional; an Emperor who has adjusted himself to modern conditions. He is not a conventional figure surviving from the Middle Ages; he is a ruler of great ability, who has allied himself with the modern industrial movement with wonderful sagacity, and who uses the telegraph, the telephone, and the newspaper as his ancestors used chain armor and brass cannon. Last week the London Telegraph printed an interview between the Emperor and "a representative Englishman who long since passed from public to private life." This Englishman, who is apparently a diplomatist, prefaces his article by saying that a calculated indiscretion sometimes proves of the highest public service, and that he proposes to make known the substance of a conversation which he recently had with the German Emperor, with the hope that it will remove misconceptions of the Emperor's feelings toward the English. According to this writer, the Emperor spoke with characteristic frankness. "The English," he said, "are mad as March hares;" he had again and again declared that his heart is set on peace, and that one of his dearest wishes is to live on the best terms with England, and yet he has been treated as if he had been uttering falsehoods. The prevailing sentiment of large sections of the middle and lower classes in Germany is not friendly to England, the Emperor conceded, and he is therefore with the minority, but it is a minority of the best elements. The interpretation of his action in the matter of sending the German Consul at Algiers to Fez, and forestalling France and England by suggesting the recognition of Mulai Hafid, the Emperor declared, was an example of the way German action is misrepresented; and he added that there was nothing in Germany's action in regard to Morocco contrary to his declaration of love of peace made at Guildhall in London and later at Strassburg. His friendship for England has not been confined to words. The Boer delegates were received on the Continent with a series of ovations. Holland fêted them, France gave them "a rapturous welcome." They were anxious to go to Berlin, where they would have been crowned with flowers. The Emperor refused to receive them, and the delegates returned empty-handed. During that struggle, the Emperor said, the German Government was invited by France and Russia to join them in calling upon England to end the war. The Emperor met the proposal with the declaration that, instead of joining a concerted European action to bring pressure against England, Germany would always keep aloof from politics that could bring her into complications with England. He declared that there is now resting in the archives of Windsor Castle a report of that answer; and that there is also to be found in the same place a plan of campaign for the English in South Africa prepared by his hand; a plan along lines which were largely adopted later by General Roberts. The object of Germany in increasing her navy is not for the purpose of attacking Great Britain, but to protect her world-wide commerce and her increasing interests in distant sections. Germans set no bounds to their legitimate commercial ambitions; they are looking ahead; they must be prepared for eventualities in the Far East; the rise of China and the awakening of Japan create vast problems in the Pacific. Germany is preparing to meet them.

WHAT HAPPENED

Many attempts have been made to discover the identity of the interviewer who reports this conversation, but so far without success. The publication of these statements of the Emperor, the substantial accuracy of which is not questioned, has not had the desired effect in England. On the contrary, they have been received with great distrust; while the statement that France and Russia approached Germany at the time when the English campaign in South Africa was at its most discouraging stage is very seriously questioned. In this the Emperor may be mistaken. The French interpret the interview as an attempt to sow discord

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between their country and England. Ever since the establishment of the present relations between France and England the French have suspected the Emperor, at every turn, of endeavoring to destroy the concord. The most serious result of the publication of this interview, or series of interviews (for it is believed that the article contains the substance of a number of talks), has been in Germany rather than in France or England. The question was at once asked, "Who is responsible for this remarkable document?" and the storm of popular feeling drew forth a statement from a leading German newspaper to the effect that the Emperor had received a request for permission to publish the manuscript of an article containing the substance of a number of conversations with different Englishmen for the purpose of making his friendly utterances known to a large number of English readers. The article was sent by the Emperor to the Chancellor, and the Chancellor forwarded it to the Foreign Office, whence it was returned without objection. When the Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, read the article in the Daily Telegraph, he notified the Emperor that he had not read the article in manuscript, otherwise he would have advised against its publication, although he accepted for himself and the Foreign Office officials the sole responsibility. At the same time he offered his resignation to the Emperor, who refused to accept it. A further explanation contained the statement that the officials of the Foreign Office believed that their sole duty in examining the article was to confirm the accuracy of the facts, which they did before returning it to the Emperor; and that the responsibility rests entirely upon their shoulders. This explanation is probably true, although its accuracy is doubted both in England and France, where it is held that it is inconceivable that such an article should have been returned by the officials of the Foreign Office to the Chancellor without some criticism or suggestion. In Germany the general feeling seems to be that the Chancellor and the Foreign Office have been guilty of inexcusable neglect of duty, a kind of violation of public trust; and the event has given occasion for an outbreak of agitation in favor of making the Ministry responsible to the Reichstag and not to the Emperor. The simple and obvious explanation is probably the true one. The Emperor, like President Roosevelt, believes in telling the whole truth, and telling it to all the people. This is not the first time that he has taken Europe into his confidence. He may have been mistaken in some of the details of his statement; its general accuracy can hardly be questioned. And it is probable that when the resentment of various offended sections and groups dies, as it will in a very few days, his object will be generally recognized. That a group of leading conservatives should venture to urge on the Emperor more caution in public utterances is evidence of the strong feeling with which his friendly expressions about England have been received.

A SMALL TEMPEST

An international episode which looked threatening at one time has, we hope, been adjusted by a little patience and good sense. Everybody knows the French Foreign Legion, because everybody remembers the "soldier of the Legion" who "lay dying in Algiers." Certain soldiers of that Legion, it appears, were German citizens who had enlisted with other foreigners, principally Italians and Swiss, and who, at a distance from the coast, deserted and fled to the protection of the German Consul. The latter put them in charge of an interpreter and sent them to Tangier. On the way to Tangier the deserters were arrested by a party of French soldiers, and during the mêlée which followed the interpreter appears to have been somewhat severely treated. The deserters are now in French custody, to be dealt with under the rules governing the French army. Two questions were presented by this state of facts: Had a German Consul a right to protect men who had enlisted in the French army and deserted? Had the French military authorities a right to arrest German citizens under German protection? The German Foreign Office treated the affair at first as one

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involving the German national honor, and sharply demanded an apology for the treatment of the interpreter, and the punishment of the French soldiers who had been responsible for the arrest. This demand the French Government met with a prompt and decisive negative; and Europe found itself suddenly disturbed by a situation which seemed to contain elements of very great danger. The opinion of Europe appears to have been decidedly against the German position. At any rate, the German Foreign Office retreated from its aggressive position, and proposes to acknowledge that the Germans have made some mistakes in the matter; while the French are willing to recognize the fact that unnecessary violence may have been visited upon the German interpreter.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH NEWS

In a speech at a dinner given him in New York City by the Pilgrim Society, Lord Northcliffe, who used to be Mr. Alfred Harmsworth and who controls a large number of periodicals and newspapers in Great Britain, including the London Times, brought out one fact in the situation between England and the United States which Americans often overlook. It is not surprising that our English friends get wrong impressions of American life when one considers the American news on which they are fed by the majority of London newspapers. The emphasis rests on abnormal, eccentric, and scandalous events or incidents in America, until the American who happens to be in London feels as if he were the victim of a nightmare. English news is better reported in this country, and Americans are informed about the higher political movements in England, about art, literature, science, and society in the large sense of the word; but there is much to be done in the way of genuine reporting of the real life of the two peoples, and Lord Northcliffe is quite right in emphasizing the distortion of view produced by reading the average newspaper's selection of English topics:

> Yet the world as seen through the newspaper is a rather strange place. When I come here, as I am happy to say I do very often, I read pages of cablegrams, and especially Sunday cablegrams from London, and I see that England is chiefly peopled by suffragettes, impecunious aristocrats, and four or five amazing society ladies, "Fashionable Beauties," whose names and antics are recorded, and whose photographs, taken often twenty-five years ago, do steady service very regularly. I wonder if it ever occurred to the gentlemen who send these Sunday cables that there must be some other people over there to conduct the gigantic export trade of Great Britain, to manage her cotton mills, to maintain her mercantile fleet carrying seven-tenths of the world's goods, her shipping yards, and a navy that has been heard of at times! On the other hand, when I am at home I see what an amazing fellow Uncle Sam is. Apparently nature here is engaged in nothing but tornadoes. Financiers are always in panic; the politicians are all engaged in grafting each other; there is only one law, and that the unwritten one. But when I come here all the Americans I meet are of an extremely normal type, and I find a steady growth and prosperity unexampled in my personal observation. The cable unfortunately tells too little of the superb public spirit of the United States or of its straining after such ideals as are expressed by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the new Library, the Museum of Natural History, Mr. Mills's hotels, the Bronx Zoölogical Gardens—the finest, I believe, in the world—and your splendidly equipped hospitals.

One of the first steps toward the abolition of war and the practical establishment of the brotherhood of man will be an intelligent perspective in newspaper offices.

THE NEXT EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir apparent to the thrones of Austria and Hungary, is not well known in Europe, but is rapidly becoming a figure of high importance; and many well-informed people ascribe the sudden change of the policy of Austria, which has long been pacific in the extreme, to a policy of aggressive aggrandizement, to the rising influence in the Foreign Office at Vienna of the heir apparent. The tragic and mysterious death of Crown Prince Rudolph, the Emperor's son, nineteen years ago, has not been forgotten. The next heir to the throne is Franz Ferdinand, son of the late Archduke Karl Ludwig, the Emperor's brother. Franz Ferdinand is described by an English diplomatic corre-

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spondent, reported in the New York Sun, as a tall, good-looking man in the forties, an excellent horseman, a lover of out-of-door life, a country gentleman in his habits and tastes, with an interest in archæology; accomplished in music, and with a strong liking for the restoration of castles and historic buildings. His wife, formerly the Countess Chotek, now Princess of Hohenberg, was a governess in the family of the Archduke Frederick. Franz Ferdinand, who is a man of iron will, forced the Emperor to consent to a morganatic marriage, and the prediction is made that, in the event of his ascent to the throne, he will force the acceptance of this marriage upon the Austro-Hungarian Government, the elevation of the rank of his wife to an equality with his own, and an annulment of his renunciation of the right of his children to the throne. The Archduke is said to be a strong Roman Catholic, on intimate terms with the Vatican. He is said also to dislike publicity, to hold a very high theory of the Imperial authority, to be strongly anti-democratic and reactionary in his tastes and principles, and on increasingly good terms with the German Emperor. His position, according to this correspondent, compels the Emperor to pay a certain amount of deference to his opinions and judgment, and many of the men now at the head of affairs in Austria have been selected at his dictation. The writer who contributes this account of the Archduke expresses the opinion that Franz Ferdinand will become a greater power in the near future, and that he will also become a greater danger to Europe, and especially to the peace of England. The appearance of a man of ability, courage, sincerity, and strong will, entirely antagonistic to the modern democratic movement, somewhat indifferent to the diplomatic courtesies, might introduce a very dangerous element into the European situation.

JAPAN ESTABLISHES LAW COURTS IN KOREA

The recent inauguration of a modern system of law courts in Korea marks one of the most significant of Japan's permanent advances in the pacification and modernization of that greatly disturbed country. Under the auspices of the protectorate the new judicature will forever sweep away the unblushing corruption, iniquity, and general travesty of justice that have characterized the course of civil polity in Korea for ages, and will give the people a tribunal organized and operated in accordance with the principles of civilized jurisprudence. If Japan can succeed in rendering harmoniously operative a sound system of legal administration in the peninsula, she will have more than earned her right to its occupation. The inception of a new and more efficient method of administering justice in Korea has for some time been a pressing necessity, even since coming under the jurisdiction of Japan. For the past two years the Koreans have been constantly complaining of their inability to obtain justice by appealing to the Japanese consular courts. Though they were content to remain under the antiquated and intolerable methods practiced in their native assizes, they none the less strongly resented what they regarded as the willful injustice of alien officials. Their fathers chastised them with whips, but the Japanese, they alleged, did so with scorpions. But the new system put into force on the first of August this year recognizes equality before the law as the basis of civilized government. And the officials of the new courts are of a high character and invested with ample authority to justify every confidence and the best expectations. The new judicial system of Korea is based upon that obtaining in Japan since her adoption of modern civilization, and is therefore practically the same as that prevailing in the chief countries of Europe, from which the Japanese code was originally taken. Korea is now provided with a Court of Cassation, Courts of Appeal, Local Courts, and District Courts; while the classification of offenses is similar to that in Japan. The presiding judge of the highest court is at all times to have the assistance of associate judges; and to every court is attached a number of procurators, whose duties include the institution and prosecution of criminal cases, and the supervision and execution

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of judicial decisions. The very ablest legal authorities have been requisitioned in the compilation of the new Korean code, and the most brilliant jurists of the Japanese Empire have been appointed as the chief officials of the Korean courts. The fact that not a single Korean name is to be found on the list of judges simply means that at present there are no natives of the country qualified to fill the responsible positions held by those administering justice in the courts of a modern state. The discrimination, therefore, is more apparent than real, and will no doubt readjust itself as education becomes more general in Korea. Chief Justice Watanabe, who presides over the Court of Cassation, has occupied a distinguished position on the Tokyo bench for some years, and is the author of a widely used text-book on criminal procedure. It is further interesting to know that he is one of the most prominent members of the Christian Church in Japan. Mr. Sangai Kokubo, the chief public Procurator of the Court of Cassation, formerly served with distinction in a similar capacity in the Tokyo courts. The Chief Justice of the Court of Appeal, Mr. Kazuma Jo, has already had a long and successful experience on the Japanese bench. The two men to whom the ultimate establishment of the Korean courts and the final drafting of the new system of law are due, Mr. Kuratomi and Dr. Ume, have long been leaders in the legal circles of the Empire. Mr. Kuratomi has been Vice-Minister of Justice. Dr. Ume is one of the leading law professors in the Imperial University. He was educated in Europe and is the foremost legal authority of Japan. That the new courts could not have been established earlier is owing to the fact that the onerous labors of codification of law and organization of courts, which have been in process for nearly two years, had not before been completed.

LABOR AND THE COURTS IN AUSTRALIA

The Australian labor press, speaking, it may be supposed, for a great mass of Australian wage-earners, is up in arms against the Federal High Court of the Commonwealth. It demands such an immediate and radical change in the Commonwealth Constitution as shall deprive the judiciary of its supreme authority and transfer it to the hand of the legislature. This revolt against the power of the Federal High Court has been brought about by a decision of that Court overturning the legal status of the union label. Some time ago there was passed what was called the Federal Trade-Marks Act. In this Act there was a clause which authorized the registration of the workers' union label as a trade-mark. Until recently no such thing as a union label was known in Australia, and there is no State legislation on the subject. In the United States union labels can be registered in every State except South Carolina and Mississippi, and are thus protected. In Australia, on the other hand, when the union label was introduced, its protection was carried to an extreme that had no American precedent. It became a matter of Federal legislation. The Attorney-General of New South Wales, acting at the instance of four joint-stock brewing companies, brought an action before the Federal High Court challenging the constitutionality of this clause of the Trade-Marks Act. He has gained his case on the ground that a registrable trade-mark must signify ownership and must be affixed by the owner of the goods and not by the persons engaged in making them. The Chief Justice, who read the judgment, held that the plaintiffs were aggrieved by the registration of the union label in the sense that it hampered them in carrying on their business with the freedom which they were entitled to enjoy. They were no longer free to compete with rival traders on the same terms as before, since they must either use or abstain from using the union mark, and were therefore obliged to inform their customers that they did or did not exclusively employ persons belonging to the union. This information might seriously affect their business among large classes of customers. The decision was reached by a vote of three to two. The Labor party in Australia feels that its hands are tied by the courts, and its attitude toward the Court is one of antagonism. There

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are, however, in Australia a body of radicals who desire, not to see the judiciary deposed from power, but to secure such reform of the Constitution as will enable Parliament to enact the industrial legislation that the Federal High Court has set aside.

FEDERATION OR UNIFICATION IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Intercolonial Convention now in session at Durban in the British colony of Natal is an interesting exhibition in nation-making. That is its object. Almost all political observers have agreed as to the desirability of welding the English colonies in South Africa into one strong nation. But the question is, How? Shall the nation be a loose federation or shall it represent unification? There are arguments for both methods. The advocates for federation come mostly from the small colony of Natal. The citizens there have hitherto had a purely British government. If unification were adopted, they would find themselves practically under Dutch rule, because of the enormous Dutch majorities in the three great colonies, Cape Colony, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony. The feeling in Natal is so strong against a possible Dutch supremacy that, as the result of an unofficial referendum, six votes were cast for federation to one for unification. The people of Natal, however, are wise enough to see that, should the other colonies proceed to a scheme of unification, leaving Natal isolated, her commerce might suffer from hostile tariffs and trade might be diverted from her ports and railways. The situation is also complicated by the race question. The white population of Natal is insignificant in comparison with the native Africans, now reinforced by many Asiatics. As the Dutch in the three great colonies are extremely anxious for unification, and as the English element in those colonies does not actively oppose it, it is probable that the people of Natal will finally accept it, with a condition, however, assuring them a very large degree of local self-government, and with a representation in the new South African Parliament which would give them a proper voice.

RECENT CHILD LABOR LEGISLATION IN CANADA

Since the adoption in Canada of the "National Policy," thirty years ago, there has been a growing demand for child labor, with which legislation for the protection of the little workers has hardly kept pace. The question was left at the time of Confederation to the jurisdiction of the provincial governments, and consequently the labor laws not only differ in different parts of the Dominion, but are enforced with a varying amount of strictness. There is not in any province a comprehensive act dealing with the subject of child labor as a whole, and even in Ontario, which has its Factories Act, its Shops Act, its Mines Act, its Municipal Act, its Truancy Act—all bearing on the matter more or less directly—it is still possible for young children to be kept at work by their parents for mercilessly long hours under sweat-shop conditions. Prince Edward Island, Saskatchewan, and Alberta have neither Shops nor Factories Acts. Ontario, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, and British Columbia have both; Quebec and New Brunswick have Factories Acts, and six of the provinces have Mines Acts. The several Factories Acts resemble one another closely. In general, they prohibit the employment of girls under eighteen and boys under sixteen in factories where the work is dangerous or unhealthy; forbid the employment of children under fourteen in any manufacturing establishment (except canning factories) in three provinces; limit the hours of labor for women and children to ten hours a day and sixty hours a week; and specify the amount of overtime permissible for these classes of workers. The Shops Acts, upon the whole, allow greater latitude to the employers of children; thus the hours of labor are longer and the conditions often not less injurious than those in factories. Except in Ontario, no age limit is set under which a child may not begin work in a shop. Again, by the Mines Acts of British Columbia, children of twelve may be employed above ground, and by those of Saskatchewan and Nova Scotia boys of twelve may work under ground. The enforcement of the laws restricting child labor has, from various

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causes, proved somewhat inadequate. For instance, Nova Scotia has had a Factories Act since 1901, but no inspector of factories till the present year; while Ontario, with a Truancy Act that, if enforced, would prevent many children from engaging in unsuitable labor, has vested the appointment of truancy officers in the municipalities, and these, in many instances, have neglected to make appointments. On the other hand, the efforts of zealous officers to secure full observance of the laws are often frustrated by the false statements of the young workers and their parents, and when these chance, as often, to be foreign immigrants, it is frequently impossible to discover the real age of a child. The encouraging aspect of the case is the growth of a healthier public opinion, and during the last decade each year has seen some addition in the Dominion to legislation based on the principle that "the well-being of the child, mental, moral, and physical, should take precedence over the necessities of parents, the exigencies of industry, or any other consideration." Within the last two years there has been an appreciable advance, especially with regard to the protection of young lads. In 1907 the Quebec Factories Act was amended to raise the age at which boys might begin work from thirteen to fourteen, and to require the attendance at a night school of boys and girls under sixteen, unable to read and write. During the current year the Ontario Factories Act was amended to limit the hours of labor for boys under sixteen, and to restrict the exceptional privileges of the canning factories, which in some instances had been disgracefully abused. Formerly, during the busy season, children of any age might be employed for any number of hours a day. Now children under twelve may not be employed indoors, and the working day is limited to ten hours. The Shops Act has also been amended by raising the age limit from ten to twelve years. Nor is this all. Manitoba has forbidden the employment of youths under twenty-one as bartenders; Alberta has raised the age at which boys may be employed under ground in mines from twelve to sixteen; and British Columbia has passed a Factories Act which forbids the employment of boys under fourteen and girls under fifteen, except, at certain seasons, in the canning of fish and fruit.

FOR THE LOVE OF IT

Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, although a learned man, has the gift of being interesting; and this interest is due largely to two qualities—frankness and humor. He is one of the few scholars who are not afraid of dealing with grave matters in the vernacular rather than in the dialect of the specialist. The New York Times reports a characteristic interview with him. The authorities at Yale have recently announced that the students of that institution must use proper English, not only in examination papers in regular courses in English, but in all other examination papers as well. This position has probably been forced upon the authorities by the painful lack of English displayed by students—which is evident in all American institutions of learning. There are many young men of extraordinary attainment in special fields, who use the most rudimentary English. It is hoped that the new rule will bear fruit where fruit is greatly needed, and that is in the preparatory schools. English cannot be taught properly unless the teaching of it is part of the entire instruction of every student in every recitation. To allow students to use slovenly English in a recitation in geography or in a translation from Virgil, and to hold them to the use of good English in a recitation in English literature or grammar, is manifestly absurd. The matter is too large to be summed up in a paragraph; but there is pith in Professor Lounsbury's position that if the direct study of literature does not result in a boy's liking literature, then the course has been a failure. There has been, he says, a great deal of disappointment in American colleges owing to the poor results of the new system of requirements in English that has been introduced since the Civil War. This is entirely modern. Before the war a man could enter college without having heard the name of an English author. Of late

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years literature is studied, from a certain point of view, with the thoroughness of mathematics. The Outlook had occasion several years ago, in reviewing a book on the study of literature, to remark that the time seemed to be approaching when a student would be sent to the blackboard to work out a sum in English literature. Professor Lounsbury says that it is inconceivable to him that a boy who feels any enjoyment at all in reading can hate "Ivanhoe." There are boys, however, who do hate it. One stumbling-block in the way of teaching young men to appreciate English is that they do not consider it knowledge. Arithmetic is knowledge, but literature is not. The sooner the whole subject is taken up seriously and discussed thoroughly and without regard to the convenience of the past or the methods of the present, the better for American culture. It is unquestionably very difficult to teach English literature from the literary point of view, but there are many indications that it is really impossible to teach it from any other point of view; that is to say, that any other kind of teaching is, in the final result, lost time and wasted effort. The final test of the study of an art is the development of the love of it and the power to appreciate it; and a host of young men take literary courses in many of our institutions and emerge with a feeling of relief that they need never open another book.

PROFESSOR CORSON

On Friday of last week Professor Hiram Corson, one of the last of the old school of humanists in this country, completed his eightieth year with unabated clearness of vision and with his reading voice still subtle, responsive, alive to the finest modulations of literary art. For more than half a century he has been a leader in the opposition to the attempt to reduce literary study to a scientific investigation of historical facts, and has continuously and influentially emphasized the spiritual element in literature. Nearly fifty-five years ago he led an advance in placing in the American curriculum the study of Anglo-Saxon. Later his relationship with the Shakespeare and Chaucer Societies helped greatly in introducing American teachers to modern scholarly investigations in England. In 1881 he became one of the founders and vice-presidents of the Browning Society, and he has long been one of the foremost students of Browning in this country. His "Aims of Literary Study" and "Vocal Interpretation" have probably been the strongest single influence in stimulating the reaction in our American universities against pseudo-scientific methods and ideals in literary study, and he has been, in season and out of season, an apostle of the movement to restore the human voice to its proper function in the interpretation of literature. Lovers of literature in this country owe him a debt of gratitude.

ORGANIZED STUDY OF SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY

The American Institute of Social Service has inaugurated an important advance in its well-established work for industrial and social betterment. With the backing and guidance of an interdenominational Advisory Committee, of which Dr. Josiah Strong, President of the Institute, is Chairman, it has begun to issue a series of weekly lesson-papers for the study of the neglected half of the Gospel, "on the ground that Jesus Christ has a gospel for society as well as for the individual." These lessons, whose published outlines cover the period from October, 1908, to January, 1910, deal with present social problems from the standpoint of Christ's teaching, and with helpful references to economic books. They are suitable for use by adult Bible classes, men's clubs, women's societies, young people's societies, missionary organizations, and others. They are already guaranteed adoption both in many large city churches and many small country churches. In the list of the Advisory Committee appear Bishops Fallows, Hendrix, and Warren, Dean Hodges, Professors Fagnani, Henderson, Rauschenbusch, Graham Taylor, and Willett, Drs. Conwell, Gladden, and other well-known names. This seems to be a well-planned undertaking to organize the supply of the demand, which has been

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urged for some years, that the churches should study the practical bearing of their faith and beliefs upon the problem of religious duty in the questions which vex modern society with discord. These, as has often been said, will never be settled right till settled in conformity with the teaching of Jesus. A small monthly magazine at fifty cents a year, edited by Dr. Strong, the October number of which has appeared, contains the outlines of these weekly lessons on Social Christianity. Their scope is indicated by the topics for the next six months—child labor, women in industry, wealth and capital, the organization of labor, housing, civic corruption. These are to be obtained from the Secretary of the Studies Committee, 80 Bible House, New York. With this addition the Institute continues its former line of work, and offers the public the free use of its specialized library and of its thousands of photographs illustrative of social conditions and their progressive betterment. Dr. W. H. Tolman, for ten years Director of the Institute, has permanently retired.

PRESIDENT ELIOT

On May 19 next Dr. Eliot's resignation as President of Harvard University takes effect. Forty years ago he was inducted into office, a young man of thirty-five. It was characteristic of his quiet devotion to educational work that, three years before, he had declined the superintendency of one of the great mills of Lowell, at a salary over two-thirds more than the established salary of the college presidency. With a courageous self-confidence, unimpaired by either self-conceit or false modesty, he assumed from the start all the responsibilities of his office. "King Log," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the medical faculty, "has made room for King Stork. Mr. Eliot makes the Corporation meet twice a month instead of once. He comes to the meeting of every faculty, ours among the rest, and keeps us up to eleven and twelve o'clock discussing new arrangements. He shows an extraordinary knowledge of all that relates to every department of the University, and presides with an aplomb, a quiet, imperturbable, serious good humor, that it is impossible not to admire." All the medical faculty did not share this admiration. At one of the meetings a conservative member protested. "How is it, I should like to ask," said he, "that after eighty years in which this faculty has been managing its own affairs, and doing it well, it is now proposed to change all our modes of carrying on the school?" "I can answer the doctor's question," replied the young educational Napoleon. "There is a new President."

Forty years have passed since then. During those forty years Harvard has grown from a Unitarian college to an unsectarian university, from an undergraduate population numbering 423 on the average in the five years 1861–5, to a scholastic community numbering over 6,000, with as many teachers in 1908 as it had undergraduate pupils in 1868. Then it was little known outside of New England, now wherever Anglo-Saxon culture has found a residence; then, apart from its professional schools, its curriculum was mainly Latin, Greek, mathematics, and a little science, now there is no branch of liberal learning which it does not include; then it was a higher school whose President stood to the students *in loco parentis*, now as essentially a self-governing community as any in America; then with standards of graduation probably little if any higher than its standards of admission now; then dominated by a coercive institutional religion, now by a spirit of free individual religion in which all forms of faith and worship are alike welcome.

The man who has accomplished this has not accomplished it alone. He has had much to aid him: already splendid traditions before his election; a location in what then was and perhaps still is the intellectual capital of America; a country just freed from the paralyzing effect of slavery—felt at the North as well as the South—and advancing with incredible leaps and bounds in material prosperity as well as in population; a surrounding people, native and foreign, with a great and growing passion for education; an increasingly loyal support from faculty and governing bodies,

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loyal to their President even when they did not agree with him and refused to adopt his plans. But he who can seize a great opportunity proves himself by that fact a great man. This is the greatness of President Eliot.

It is difficult for one who admires him for what he has done, and loves him for what he is, to write with proper reserve concerning his character what may fall under his personal eye. Yet he who has so patiently borne criticism may be, we hope, trusted to endure appreciation with patience. And to understand his work one must know the man. Strong emotions under yet stronger control; broad interests seen in their just proportions; faith in the dignity and worth of man; a spirit that measures all institutions, whether political, industrial, educational, or religious, by their effect on individual character; a profound faith in spiritual unity and none in enforced uniformity; aristocracy of birth, breeding, and culture, coupled with a democrat's faith in his fellow-men and a democrat's fellowship with them whatever their culture or want of it; tenacity in the pursuit of his ends, unwearied patience in waiting on time for their accomplishment; disinterestedness in service and absolute devotion to his self-selected form of service; comprehension of great principles with mastery of details; a profoundly religious temperament that is eloquent in deeds but reticent in words; a Puritan's absolute candor and a Puritan's reserve; an open mind to truth wherever discovered and a clear discerning judgment of it; a command of English that sometimes pierces like a rapier, coupled with a stately and courtly presence—all have combined to make Dr. Eliot a great educator and a great citizen, a maker of men and a Nation's counselor.

A great leader must have a great ideal and adhere to it. The essential spirit and the essential principles of the New Education, of which Dr. Eliot has been the champion, appear in his inaugural address, and to them he has adhered throughout his career.

> Truth and right are above utility in all realms of thought and action.
>
> With good methods we may confidently hope to give young men of twenty to twenty-five an accurate general knowledge of all the main subjects of human interest. . . . To think this impossible is to despair of mankind; for unless a general acquaintance with many branches of knowledge, good as far as it goes, be attainable by great numbers, there can be no such thing as an intelligent public opinion; and in the modern world the intelligence of public opinion is the one indispensable condition of social progress.
>
> The American college is obliged to supplement the American school. . . . A university is not built in the air, but on social and literary foundations which preceding generations have bequeathed.
>
> Philosophical subjects should never be taught with authority. They are not established sciences; they are full of disputed matters, open questions, and bottomless speculations. . . . The worthy fruit of academic culture is an open mind, trained to careful thinking, instructed in the methods of philosophic investigation, acquainted in a general way with the accumulated thought of past generations. It is thus that the university in our day serves Christ and the Church.
>
> As a people we do not apply to mental activities the principle of division of labor; and we have but a halting faith in special training for high professional employments. The vulgar conceit that a Yankee can turn his hand to anything we insensibly carry into high places where it is preposterous and criminal.
>
> The young man of nineteen or twenty ought to know what he likes best and is most fit for. . . . If he feels no loves, he will at least have his hates. . . . When the revelation of his own peculiar taste and capacity comes to a young man, let him reverently give it welcome, thank God, and take courage. . . . The elective system gives free play to natural preferences, born aptitudes, makes possible enthusiasm for a chosen work.
>
> The Corporation should always be filled with the spirit of enterprise. . . . It should always be pushing after more professorships, better professors, more land and buildings, and better apparatus.
>
> The President's first duty is that of supervision. He should know what each officer's and servant's work is, and how it is done. But the days are past in which the President could be called upon to decide everything from the purchase of a door-mat to the choice of a professor.

In these extracts are to be found expressed those educational ideals which have constituted the directing principles in President Eliot's educational career. Education should be broad, to enable men to form and lead intelligent public opinion; high, to develop experts competent to deal with the great problems

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of life; free, that men may acquire not merely a knowledge of what other men have thought but power to think for themselves; coherent, one connected and continuous system from the kindergarten to the post-graduate school; and religious, putting truth and right above all utility, and furnishing not only the mind with apparatus but also the will with strength.

Thus the elective system is neither a contrivance to make study more agreeable to the student, nor a necessity forced upon the modern educator by the brevity of time and the complexity of learning. It is the central psychological principle in the new education. "We say to a student at Harvard," says Professor Palmer, "'Study Greek, German, history, or botany—what you will. The one thing of consequence is that you will to study something.'" That the end of education is life, that the test of life is ability to serve, that the one essential constituent in that ability is a will directed to a definite end, illuminated by a clear purpose, and sustained by a spontaneous enthusiasm—this is the psychology which underlies the much debated and still little understood elective system. Whether this intelligent and forceful will can best be developed by a free elective or by the group system, or by a combination of the two, is still a subject of debate. That somehow it must be developed, and that the old compulsory method which imagined that youth were molten and could all be poured into the same mold is a wholly inadequate because a wholly wrong method, is no longer debated. That to-day, in hundreds of colleges in America, thousands of students are bringing a great enthusiasm, not so much to a search after knowledge as to the acquisition of power, that even from the common schools in our towns and cities is banished the

> "whining school-boy, with his satchel
> And shining morning face, creeping like snail
> Unwillingly to school,"

and the eager aspirant after equipment has taken his place, is due to no one man so much as to President Charles W. Eliot.

ELECTION AFTERMATH

Such an overwhelming triumph of one party over six others as the National Republican organization achieved last week is not without its lesson to political leaders. In brief, that lesson is that the American people have no faith either in a party of ideas without plans or in a party of plans without ideas. In other words, if a party is to gain the approval of American voters it must be more than a doctrinaire party and it must be more than a party of experiment.

Arrayed against the Republican party on the one flank were three doctrinaire parties—the Socialist, the Socialist-Labor, and the Prohibition parties. Like the group of Abolitionists before the Civil War, each of these, concentrating attention on an evil, has constructed an ideal; but none of them could present a programme that had any promise of practicability. On the other flank of the Republican party were arrayed three parties of experiment—the Democratic, People's, and Independence parties. Each of these had a set of plans, devices, schemes, but in no case was there any obvious principle which gave coherence to the collection. The platform of each of these parties resembled the show window of a druggist's shop in which the proprietor has displayed samples of what he regards as the most popular remedies. The Socialist and Prohibitionist doctors were ready with their diagnoses, but they could not persuade the patient of their ability to write a prescription; the Democratic, Hearstite, and Populist doctors, without stopping to diagnose, proposed this dose for one symptom and that for another. It was because the Republican party both gave a diagnosis and wrote a prescription, in other words because, under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft, it had both an ideal and a plan, that it won its victory. We are not here arguing that its ideal is the right one or that its plan is necessarily efficacious—though we do believe that in essence the ideal is right and in substance the plan is efficacious—but we think it is indisputable that the Republican party was distinguished from

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all its opponents by the fact that it was neither doctrinaire nor higgledy-piggledy, but that it had both plan and ideal.

Not one of the defeated parties polled the vote which its supporters, and in some cases its adversaries, expected.

I. In view of the Democratic Chairman's prediction of 333 electoral votes for Bryan, the 162 actually polled seem pitiful. To declare that such a failure is due to the financial resources and corrupt practices of opponents is to indict the American people. Pre-election talk to that effect is made to sound foolish by the result. One thing this failure does signify: that appeals to prejudice—to class prejudice by Mr. Gompers and to sectional prejudice by Mr. Bryan—are in these days without weight. Besides being wrong, such appeals are now futile. That is satisfactory.

II. The failure of Mr. Hearst's party to make even a small impression through the balance of power in any State shows the limitation of newspaper influence. A chain of newspapers of enormous circulation has been put to the service of a single Presidential candidate, and the result is insignificant. Unless a newspaper either reflects or forms public opinion, its political power can be disregarded. It is evident that a newspaper syndicate skillfully managed to further the public career of its owner does not at present reflect or form a dominating public opinion. That also is satisfactory.

III. In the face of a vote amounting to but a small percentage of the total, Mr. Chafin, the Prohibitionist candidate, is reported to have predicted the election of his party's candidate in 1912. This is something more than the triumph of hope over experience; it is the measure of the Prohibitionist's faith in the righteousness of his cause. Because an issue is a great issue, however, it is not therefore necessarily an issue for National politics. Education supplies a great issue, but education is not an issue for National politics. The election in the several States makes it clear that the American people so regard the issue presented by the liquor traffic. Here is a question which the people are reserving for discussion and settlement within the homogeneous community. The fact that in Indiana, where the Democratic party had the support of the liquor interests, that party won the Governorship should not be misinterpreted. That it means the repudiation by Indiana of progress toward State prohibition, which has been advancing through the South, is clear; but it does not mean the victory of intemperance over temperance. The fact is that there, as in some other States, it was a contest between town option and county option, and the forces for town option were stronger. The election shows that, in spite of the great "temperance tidal wave," the American people are not allowing themselves to be swept away by enthusiasm for drastic but unenforceable laws. This is not to be deplored.

IV. Socialism has apparently disappointed all its friends and many of its foes: its friends, of course; its foes, because they do not see in it the menace that can be turned to political advantage. The American people apparently do not repose—never have reposed—much confidence in any party of protest. They listened to the Abolitionists, but when they wanted to do something about slavery they did not use the Abolitionists as their instrument. The American people have been listening to the protest of the Socialists, and undoubtedly have owed to the Socialists much of what they know about the evils of society; but they show no sign of asking the Socialists to be the leaders in the progress which the country is making toward Industrial Democracy. This is a symptom, not of lassitude, but of wholesomeness.

CHINA'S AWAKENING

Four recent events emphasize China's awakening.

The first was the departure, last week, of the Chinese special envoy, Mr. Tang-Shao-Yi, formerly Governor of Mukden, with his suite, including Prince Tsai-Fu, and four Yale men as foreign secretaries, also eighteen other officials and secretaries, for America to present at Washington the formal thanks of the Chinese Government for the return by the American Government of part of the Boxer

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indemnity. On another page will be found an article narrating recent history in that connection. After the formalities at Washington Mr. Tang-Shao-Yi will devote several months to a study of American finance, commerce, legislation, and diplomacy, out of which the Chinese Government anticipates gratifying results both in the development of mutual relations between the two countries and more particularly in the marked national development now strikingly evident in all parts of the Flowery Kingdom. With Mr. Tang-Shao-Yi's party are included fifteen students for American colleges. The Outlook has already recorded the agreement of the Chinese Government to pay the expenses of a large number of students to be educated in this country as a return courtesy for the remission of the indemnity. All the students under this plan are to remain four years.

Chinese development as to transportation has now been signalized by the arrival in America of the Chinese officers of the Yunnan-Szechuen Railway, who have determined to build that railway in accordance with the most modern plans.

As to finance in general and to currency in particular, an imperial edict has now made the coin known as the Kuping or Haikwan tael (worth about seventy cents) the Empire's standard coin and monetary unit. Thus over two thousand years of currency anarchy, due to the multiplicity of local coinage standards, should have an end.

Most striking of all, of course, has been the announcement that the Emperor and Empress Dowager (the latter the potential head of the Empire) had approved the text of a Constitution. The Constitution was proclaimed at Peking a few weeks ago, and its text has now been published.

In reading this text the reader will be struck by the iteration again and again that the Constitution has been obtained "by the Imperial will." The document provides that the Imperial Government may not be criticised, because "the sacred majesty of the sovereign may not be offended." Furthermore, political party leaders are to be appointed by the throne! The other functions more properly confided to the Executive are command over land and sea forces, the power to declare war and peace, to make treaties, to appoint and receive ambassadors and ministers, and to appoint, pay, promote, degrade, and dismiss other officials.

The Constitution is not to be immediately put into effect; it will require a period of nine years. For the first year the programme of education in democracy contemplates a very guarded measure of local self-government, advancing to provincial self-government; a complete financial reorganization, in which the first step has already been taken, as chronicled above; and a revision of the criminal code, which, if thoroughgoing, should ultimately lead to the abolishment of extraterritoriality. At the close of the ninth year a completely reorganized administrative, educational, economic, and judicial system will be in operation, precedent to the creation of an elective Parliament, with its voice in taxation and expenditure. If a Chinese Parliament should meet in 1917, that date ought to be pivotal in the history of government. Meanwhile, "officers and people who keep within the law shall have freedom of speech, of the press, and of assembly; they shall not be disturbed without cause in their possession of property, nor interfered with in their dwellings; and they have the obligation to pay taxes and render military service, and the duty of obedience to the law of the land."

While the proposed system is called constitutional, it is of course far removed from the constitutional ideals of America and Europe. The ideal in the minds of the Emperor, the Empress Dowager, and their advisers may be gathered from the concluding words of the text: "In the forty-third year of Kwang-Hsu [the Emperor], or 1917, China will be, by following this plan, a parliamentary country like Japan or Russia."

The new Constitution is really hardly more than an attempt to intimate to the Chinese people that there are other ideals of government in the world besides those which have so long obtained in the Flowery Kingdom. The better to

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unite the old and the new, the Chinese are advised that their rulers still "take the measure of heaven and earth as their measure, and the heart of the people as their heart." But suppose that this "measure" tells the rulers to reverse the progress outlined in the Constitution? It is not likely, however, that the Chinese, any more than the Russians, having once had a foretaste of liberty and democracy, will entirely relapse into their former condition.

EXPERIENCE, NOT YEARS

In nothing are men more misled than in the deference they pay to what is called the wisdom of age based on knowledge of life. To age belongs the reverence due to those who have gone through the strain and stress and upon whom the hand of time rests heavily, but age of itself has no authority; it often means mere piling up of insignificant years. The value of a year depends on the uses to which it is put; and a man may count a century as his own, but gather nothing from his life except a memory of prolonged insignificance. Nor is experience clothed with authority by reason of its antiquity; its authority rests on its breadth and sanity. The so-called man of the world often assumes a wisdom which his whole life has denied; after refusing for long decades to sit at the feet of life as a pupil, he declares himself a prophet because his hair is gray. No judgment of life has authority unless it rests on the broad observation of a sane man. Mass of experience is of no importance; the man who repeats each day the history of the day before, though he live to be a hundred, is a mere child in knowledge. Quality of experience is the only thing that counts; that is to say, clear knowledge of a large area of life. The so-called man of the world is really a child in knowledge; he knows only a narrow strip of earth, and he is an uneducated observer even in the little acre on which he has lived. Nor does the long experience of races count unless it is broad and sane; for races, like individuals, sometimes depart for a generation from the highway of health and sanity and lose their power of vision. What they learn in these periods of disease is not the order of life, but the disorder in themselves; not universal truth from fundamental facts, but the phenomena of pathology. The so-called experience of life to which we bow as to the wisdom of age is largely a diseased experience reflecting a distorted image of realities. A thousand years' observation by sick or half-sick observers adds nothing to our knowledge of the order of things, however much it may add to our knowledge of disease. The fact that men and women who have made living a mere chance to build and accumulate and organize pleasure into a profession are agreed that the faith of those who live in and by the spirit is a delusion, has as little importance as the opinion of the negro preacher that the sun goes round the earth. It is not enough to challenge every man who sits in judgment on life with the question, "What do you know?" He must answer a more searching question: "How have you lived?"

TABLE TALK AT HOME

A correspondent asks for suggestions of subjects for talk in the family when children and adults are seated together around the breakfast or dinner table. Children who have grown up in homes in which the talk ran on large lines and touched all the great interests of life will agree that nothing gave them greater pleasure or more genuine education. There are homes in which the very atmosphere makes for wide knowledge of life, for generous aims, for citizenship in the world as well as in the locality in which the home stands. Teachers in schools and colleges find the widest differences in range of information and quality of intelligence in the boys and girls who come to them. Some children bring a store of knowledge and sound tastes with them; others seem to have had no cultivation of any sort, are ignorant of everything save the few subjects which they have been compelled to study, and have no personal acquaintance with books or art or nature or the large affairs of the world. They have

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absorbed nothing, for there has been nothing to absorb; all that they know has been poured into them. The fortunate children have grown up in association with men and women of general intelligence, have heard them talk and lived among their books.

There is no educational opportunity in the home more important than the talk at table. But this educational influence must issue from the spirit and interests of the parents; it must never wear a pedagogic air and impose a school-room order on a life which ought to be free, spontaneous, and joyful. The home in which the talk is prearranged to instruct the children would be, not a garden where birds and dogs and children play together, but an institution in which the inmates live by rule and not by instinct. The home must be kept free of all the paraphernalia of education; the children must not suspect when they hear a story that there is a moral at the end like the sting of a bee, and that little traps of knowledge are spread about them where they seem most free.

But while all this is true, it is also true that the presence of children must always be recognized in the talk, the books, and the habits of the home. Some people make the mistake of "talking down" to their children; of turning the conversation at table into a kind of elaborate "baby talk;" not realizing that they are robbing their children of the delight and education of hearing older people talk about the world in which they live. They endeavor to put themselves back at what they regard as a definite stage in the child's life, where he has temporarily stopped for the time and is living in a stationary world. There is no such stage, no such fixed condition, in a child's unfolding. He is always looking ahead, peering curiously into the mysterious world around him, hearing strange voices from it, getting wonderful glimpses into it. In his intensest play the mystery of things suddenly comes home to his imagination and makes him aware that he is not a mere bundle of muscles; at night, when the murmur of voices comes upstairs, he hears in it the sounds of a future full of great things. The child is always moving on from one stage to another; always picking up truth by the way, hearing things which he does not understand, but which drop like seeds into his nature and will presently enrich him beyond the power of formal education. Before six or seven he has acquired most of his fundamental ideas of life; they are dim and vague, as they ought to be; for they are not packed into him to remain detached, they are planted in him, to grow with him and to become his own by being part of him.

It is not, therefore, the child of six who sits at the table and listens; it is a human spirit, eager, curious, wondering, surrounded by mysteries, silently taking in what it does not understand to-day, but which will take possession of it next year and become a torch to light it on its way. It is through association with older people that these fructifying ideas come to the child; it is through such talk that he finds the world he is to possess.

The talk of the family ought not, therefore, to be directed at him or shaped for him; but it ought never to forget him; it ought to make a place for him. If the Balkan situation comes up, let the boy get out the atlas and find Bosnia and Bulgaria; it is quite likely that his elders may have forgotten the exact location of these countries; it is even possible that they may never have known. If the talk is not mere desultory gossip, it will bring out the political relations of the different countries, the attitude and interests of the Great Powers, the question of Russian ships in the Dardanelles. Talk on such a subject may be unintelligent and dry, or it may be illuminating and interesting. The recognition of the presence of young listeners often sends older people to books and atlases for full and accurate information.

Talk on books, plays, pictures, music, may have the same quality of a common interest for those who listen as well as for those who talk. There are homes in which the informal discussion of these matters is a liberal education; and long years after, children, who were not taken account of at the time, remember phrases and sentences that have been key-words

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in their vocabulary of life. A good way to use the newspaper is to retell the news it presents and omit the gossip, surmise, and elaboration of detail; to keep current history running like a serial story through the family talk, but making it simple, coherent, and intelligible. It has been said that if a man really knows his Plato, and his English as well, he can interest the most untrained audience in the great philosopher's life and thought. Obscurity means partial information, incomplete thinking, or defective language; parents would become much more thorough and clear-headed and use better English if they would keep young listeners in mind. Share with them your widest interests, your fullest knowledge, your best thought; but make sure that your language is direct and simple.

Children are part of the family and have a right to a share in the talk; do not silence them by the old-fashioned arbitrary rule commanding them to be "seen but not heard." If they are in the right atmosphere, they will not be intrusive or impertinent; perhaps one reason why some American children are aggressive and lacking in respect is the frivolity of the talk that goes on in some American families. Make place for their interests, their questions, the problems of their experience; for there are young as well as old perplexities. Encourage them to talk, and meet them more than half-way by the utmost hospitality to the subjects that interest and puzzle them. Give them serious attention; do not ridicule their confusion of statement nor belittle their troubles. One of the wisest men who has interested himself in children in this country rarely gave advice; but he had a genius for listening and for evoking confidences. He got the facts by putting himself in sympathy with a child, and then, by talking the matter over quietly, helped the person who sought his counsel to see the matter on all sides and reach a conclusion for himself. The confidence of children is the key which unlocks their lives to parents, and companionship furnishes the best atmosphere for companionship. Do not limit the talk at table to the topics of childhood, but make it intelligible to children; bring into the home the large events and interests of the world; broaden its life by relating it to the life of society; make books and music and art generally contribute to its richness; give the substance of books of travel or of narrative interest. In a word, take your children into the life of your mind as well as of your heart.

THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator was sulking, or, if you prefer the phrase, disgustedly philosophizing. The immediate object of his reflections was to be found in a gush of scarlet barberries from an overturned pail at his feet. Barberries seem to predicate New England, and rightly. The Spectator was a guest in a camp pitched among the hectic autumn splendors of a New England pond-pasture, within eyeshot of Great Blue Hill. A particularly crisp October morning had brought on a spasm of unwonted zeal. Pail in hand, he plunged into the jungle, and after an hour's hard picking emerged, bearing brilliant spoils. But on his presenting himself, glowing with pride and the warmth of his exertions, before the high priestesses in the cooking shack, he met a check. It appeared that he had taken a pail sacred to spring water, and that, as Mrs. Spectator grimly pointed out, obsolescent blackberry vines in the tangled pasture had made ghastly rents in his second-best trouser legs, and, finally, that barberries were a drug on the market, anyhow. They were worthless except for jelly, and jelly does not get itself made in camps; moreover, October barberries, especially after the season's stony drought, were of a juicelessness incompatible with any culinary use. The Spectator was brutally exhorted to take them away.

Whereupon he withdrew to the shade of his favorite pine and demanded of himself, savagely, why he picked those barberries? He had no personal use for them, and he had all the while a sneaking suspicion that they would not be well received at the cooking shack. Was it because they were beautiful that he must

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needs weary himself in the plucking of them? Manifestly they were more beautiful drooping in long scarlet strings above the frost-bronzed leafage of the pasture than gathered in the brightest of water-pails. No, it was the mere primitive lust of possession, the instinct to accumulate, to get. The barberries were there to be had for the picking. Perhaps along with more ignoble passions went a bit of the ancient Puritan carefulness that nothing be lost. But at bottom the Spectator—it must be confessed—was actuated by the simple desire to get something for nothing.

This was not the first time he had been brought to book for this particular vice. He once went mountaineering in a small way with a Boston walking club. It was May, and the rough slopes of Prospect Hill—for of course the climbers disdained the road—were glimmering with the pale china-blue of the birdfoot violet. The Spectator arrived at the top with more violets than breath. He became shortly aware that he and his wild flowers were the object of disapproving attention. The club members' hands were empty. The Spectator nervously inquired whether he had broken park laws. But no, though the trees bore the usual New England injunctions against beating carpets, marching in processions, preaching or praying aloud, etc., they displayed no prohibition against the plucking of wild flowers.

"It's not that," vouchsafed a member, noting his confusion, "it's the principle of the thing. As a club we set our faces against the despoiling of the spring woods. People fairly grab wild flowers, not so much because they want them as because they can get them for nothing. They pick more than they can possibly use, grubbing delicate plants up by the roots; and when they get the poor wilted things home, they are too tired even to put them in water. It's so greedy. We are trying to create a sentiment against picking spring flowers at all!" The Spectator looked ruefully down at his bunch. "That seems to me a horribly sophisticated mood to go a-Maying in," he ventured. "Nature is prodigal, and it's a natural human instinct that leads us to take as freely as she gives." "Natural, no doubt," was the severe rejoinder, "but I call it essentially vulgar."

So now the Spectator is asking himself, Is the getting habit really so heinous, and is a thing necessarily vulgar because common to us all? Comical, it assuredly is. As the Spectator writes, two mammoth food fairs are on in Boston, and thousands of otherwise dignified and intelligent citizens, not all of them women, are hanging about the booths waiting with consuming anxiety for the dole of doll's biscuits, and infinitesimal pancakes, and thimblefuls of somebody's cocoa. You may identify the food-fair maniac on the streets by the flour on his lapel and the powdered sugar on the tip of his unconscious nose. Why, toward the close of the Pan-American Exposition the Spectator watched men who might have passed for Western Senators, edging their way along with the line that all day long wound its way up to the booths where souvenirs were given out, and saw them come away with a small stone pickle, or a porcelain ham, looking ineffably foolish. And he is told that at the break-up of a recent dental convention, when sample tooth-powders, etc., were being distributed, a wag among the booth-tenders tried an audacious experiment. A package of chicken sandwiches had been overlooked on his counter until they were of a juiceless antiquity. As the crowds filed by he offered segments of the petrified viand. Not one was refused. Some infatuated sample-hunters even passed beyond the doors before they came to themselves sufficiently to cast away the stale bits.

Greed? Well, the Spectator likes to look at it rather more leniently. So long as the scramble for possession doesn't involve a struggle to get things away from our neighbors, or to get more than our fair share of Nature's offerings, he likes to put it down not so much to the persistence of a savage passion as to a survival of the child in the man. As

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such he regards it as an amiable weakness rather than a vice. He confesses that it always gives him a warm feeling about the heart when he finds that the rest of the world are no more grown up inside than he is himself. He doesn't care whether it is through the accumulation of shells, or berries, or coins, or even sample pancakes, that they betray themselves; the betrayal gives him humorous delight. He remembers standing waiting for a trolley one damp spring day when the car tracks ran like brooks with melting snow. His eye dwelt longingly on the gurgling water. He thought how he should have liked to paddle in that when he was a boy. On the instant there appeared a distinguished-looking gray-haired gentleman (the Spectator has reason to believe that he was a college professor) who, his eyes being caught by the swimming track, did not notice the Spectator's presence. With a far-away look in his eyes, he walked deliberately out and planted his rubber-shod feet across the rails so that the brown, slushy flood welled up and came cascading deliciously over them. And then, still with an expression of the utmost gravity, he began to splash. Unluckily, just then he caught the Spectator's eye. Could you have seen his look of guilty little boy! The Spectator treasures that incident to ward off the corroding touch of cynicism.

With that he cherishes a story told him by a teller in a bank. One morning, he being detailed to the women's window, the aforesaid teller was asked by a portly German *hausfrau* for a new envelope for her bank-book. The lady behind her, noting that her own envelope was a trifle dingy, asked also for a fresh one. Number Three said, "Me too," or words to the same effect. And so it went down the line. When his patience and his stock of envelopes threatened to give out, the teller determined to call a halt. A fastidiously dressed lady appeared at the window, holding out a perfectly gloved hand. "I should like one too, please," said she. "One what, Madam?" asked the teller. The lady flushed and began to look comical. "Why," she stammered, "what the other ladies had."

The Spectator suspects that we don't discriminate, and that it is not so much the instinct to get something for nothing that deserves drubbing, as its own cousin, the instinct to get the worth of our money. He would far rather see a man making a spectacle of himself at a food fair than watch a certain type of man in the dressing-room of a sleeper making the most of the railway towels. One he uses to dry his hands, and casts it from him with uunecessary violence. With another he polishes his face, and flings that too on the floor. A third goes to remove a neglected cinder from the tip of his nose, and is added to the growing mound of linen. A fourth is lucky if it is not used to dust the thrifty man's boots. And yet it is possible that at home this fastidious soul would content himself with a single towel for a sennight at a stretch, did not his wife take it away.

This manner of man or woman is the bane of hotels. The Spectator once had a talk with a venerable furniture-polisher who came to doctor blemished mahogany in his home. The old fellow had a yearly contract with several great hotels to remove the scars from bedroom furniture. "You wouldn't believe it, that you wouldn't, the things I find," said he. "Great scratches where they've stuck their boots on the top of an elegant dresser, and pretty near every footboard burnt with the cigars they've laid down lighted to burn themselves out. Why, where there's gas, I'm blest if the women won't iron handkerchiefs on the top of a polished table! They've paid a big bill, and they mean to get every cent of it out of the house."

This, to the Spectator's mind, and not the snatching of wild flowers or even barberries, constitutes the "essential vulgarity."

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HEROES OF PEACE

BY EDWIN D. MEAD

MR. CARNEGIE rendered no more signal service to the cause of peace when he provided for the erection of the splendid Temple of Peace at The Hague, as a fitting home for the International Tribunal, than when he provided, by his gift of five million dollars, for pensions for heroes of peace. The great service of this munificent endowment was in the new emphasis which it placed. It said that from now on the men who have shown their courage and devotion in saving life were to be applauded and rewarded as truly as the men who have destroyed life. It passed no judgment upon the battlefields of history. The generous giver, when he made his original and prophetic gift, doubtless felt, like others of us, that the battlefield has been the theater of infinite faithfulness, self-sacrifice, and service, of the highest heroism often as well as the deepest horror. But he clearly felt that the esteem and glorification of the soldier had been out of all proportion to the honor paid the heroes of other fields than the battlefield, whose service, done to no accompaniment of fife and drum or waving banners, often imposed far greater risk, demanded a far higher courage, and had a vastly nobler and more useful end. The time has come—it has been too long delayed—for a new adjustment, a distribution of honors and rewards upon a basis commensurate with our present actual civilization. The soldier who risks his life to save the state, or at the state's command, is a proper pensioner. But he is no more truly a public servant, nor the exponent or agent of patriotism, than the statesman or the teacher; and the policeman, the engineer, the fireman, and the surfman, faithful and firm at their dangerous posts, place us under equal obligation and deserve as well at our hands. Haltingly and at scattered points the community is beginning to recognize this fact. Until it recognizes it everywhere and in adequate measure, we are debtors to the generous individual pioneers who emphasize at cost the needed lesson.

The old saying of Andrew Fletcher, that he cared not who made the laws of a people if he might make the songs, is famous. A people's statues—their choice, or the choice imposed upon them, of the men to be publicly honored—are as important and influential as their songs. Yet there is hardly any matter where the world is so backward, where it so seldom shows a high degree of enlightenment, where it is so often barbarous or snobbish. Contemplate the Duke of York's column (how many know what Duke of York?) and the Albert Memorial in London, yet without a monument to Shakespeare, and until yesterday without a statue of Milton or of Cromwell! Under my window in Boston was dedicated the other day a statue of General Banks. Still nearer my window is the great equestrian statue of General Hooker, quite dwarfing the modest figures of Daniel Webster and Horace Mann farther back in the State House yard. Now, I have a very considerable respect for General Banks and General Hooker; but I cannot forget that there is no statue in Boston of Emerson or Lowell or Whittier or Longfellow, whom there is vastly higher reason, as there would be vastly greater benefit, for Boston to honor. There are statues of General Glover and Colonel Cass, of whose services not one reader in a thousand could give the slightest account; but there is no memorial of John Adams or John Quincy Adams, the two great Massachusetts Presidents of the United States.

The case in our National capital is yet worse. The streets and squares of Washington swarm with statues; but it is no exaggeration to say that three-quarters of them are of generals and admirals, and most of these men of whom even the high school boys of the city know but little. There is next to nothing among them to remind the visitor from Mars or from Maryland that

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the Nation of Washington and Jefferson and Franklin—whose judgment of war and of the proper prominence of the soldier in their new Republic is remembered by some of us—ever produced a poet or historian, a scholar or teacher, a painter or sculptor, a philosopher or philanthropist, a statesman or a man of science worthy of notice, or that up to date it really honors, enough to spend any money to show it, any vocation save the warrior's. It is the measure of our barbarism.

Yet what opportunities and beckonings our rich American history and our National capital offer for the sculptor and the man of wealth and the proud Nation! I do not forget the noble Washington monument, nor the noble memorials besides at the capital, and in New York and Boston and elsewhere. I am thinking of the things which are there and ought not to be, and of the things which ought to be there and are not. I am thinking how the great Scott monument glorifies Edinburgh, and the Luther monument glorifies Worms, and the Goethe and Schiller monument glorifies Weimar. At Rudolstadt, on the Thuringian border, we found in the little park a simple stone vase among the flowers, upon the pedestal of which, on the four sides, were inscribed the names of the great poets Goethe, Schiller, and others, whose brief stays in the town had been memorable. The dates of their residence were given. Rudolstadt felt herself blessed by their sometime presence; and her beautiful recognition of it was a perennial refinement and refreshment for her people. I have suggested more than once two monumental groups which I should like to see erected in Boston—the illustrious group of Boston men who in the years before 1775 did so much to shape the American mind for independence, and the equally memorable group who in the next century did so much to rouse the Nation against slavery. I should like to see, as well, in our Puritan City a monument to Puritanism. It should be a copy of that sturdy and beautiful old Norman chapel at Huntingdon in which the boy Oliver Cromwell went to school, and within it statues and medallions in memory of all the great leaders of the Puritan movement, in commonwealth and church, in Old England and in New.

We are, of course, going to better the present order of things. The new teaching of history will help rapidly in this—in which in the last thirty years the old military monotony has yielded so signally to the varied and illuminating synthesis of the Nation's political, religious, literary, scientific, and industrial life. Each of these realms, the young people and their elders come to see, has had its heroes, as heroic as any upon the Plains of Abraham or Bunker Hill or Lookout Mountain; and the heroes will not wait long for celebration. At the Old South Meeting-House in Boston, a few years ago, one of our lecture courses for young people was devoted to "Heroes of Peace," and these were the heroes and heroisms honored, each by a lecture: "John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians," "Horace Mann and His Work for Better Schools," "Mary Lyon and Her College for Girls," "Elihu Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith," "Peter Cooper, the Generous Giver," "Dorothea Dix and Her Errands of Mercy," "General Armstrong and the Hampton Institute," "Colonel Waring and How He Made New York Clean." The best thing about it was that the boys and girls, who do have a hunger and rightful claim for the chivalric and the stirring, but who are greatly wronged in the ascription to them of an absorbing love for blood and thunder, were on the whole more deeply interested in these heroes than in those of the War for Independence or the War for the Union, who never lack full justice from our hands at the Old South.

But I am not here concerned chiefly with famous men, even famous heroes of peace. "Let us praise famous men," says the writer of Ecclesiasticus, and he names many classes of them; but he hastens to remind us that there are humbler men who in their places are merciful and righteous and wise, but who so often "perish as though they had never been, and are become as though they had never been born." They "have no memorial," but they leave "a good inheritance," and "their glory shall not be blotted out." I think that in the future the

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mercy and righteousness and wisdom of humble men will have far more memorials than in the past; that moral character and social service, rather than power and show, will be what men and States will elect to honor. This is what democracy commands and what democracy means.

I have found in London this last summer some beautiful and eloquent public memorials of humbler heroes of peace, consummate illustrations of fortitude and self-sacrifice. They are memorials of a kind hardly ever seen before in human history; and they are a cheering earnest of the new emphasis which we shall see in ever greater fullness in the awards of honors, as the humane and discriminating spirit which begins to inform the world does its more and more perfect work.

I was returning to London from Surrey wanderings, in the course of which by interesting coincidence we had visited the country home and the grave of Watts, the painter, on the hillside close by the pretty little village of Compton, when on the train my eye caught a column in the day's London newspaper headed "Workaday Heroes." This was the opening paragraph of the impressive article:

If ever you need to remember that the age of chivalry is not yet dead, you should take a 'bus to the General Post-Office. The building is, indeed, rather sedate than heroic, and the atmosphere unencouraging to roving fancy; but if you take your life in your hand and cross the road to St. Botolph's, you find birds chattering about grass and tree, a scrap of country in the swiftest whirl of the town, to make a vestibule for a simple shrine of noble deeds. One of the most English of modern poets has sung the honor "of lives obscurely great." He who would understand the spirit of England must go, not only to the temple of famous men at Westminster, but to the little red-roofed cloister in the Postmen's Park. In its midst, beneath the inscription "The Utmost for the Highest," stands a statuette of a bearded man with lofty brow, grave, long-robed; and below is written: "In Memoriam, George Frederick Watts, who, desiring to honor heroic self-sacrifice, placed these records here." There is space upon the walls for nearly 150 tablets. Until last week only twenty-four places had been filled. The care of Mrs. Watts has now added another row of twenty-two, and the names to fill two more tablets have been chosen. The first jubilee of Queen Victoria was the occasion of Mr. Watts's suggesting a national memorial to the men and women who have lost their lives in saving life. He caused long researches to be made into the vast masses of newspapers in the British Museum, that such deeds might not linger in obscurity. A national memorial still remains nothing more than the noble idea of a great artist, but a modest part of his conception Mr. Watts himself made actual. He built in that "Postmen's Park" by St. Botolph's, which covers the site of the burial grounds of St. Botolph's itself, Christ Church, and St. Leonard's, the simple cloister, with its dark bench and beams, floor of brick, and roof of tile, where the deeds of Londoners are enshrined. The first twenty-four tablets, many of which were in position before the painter's death, are of glazed white, bearing their simple inscriptions in dark blue letters. It would be hard to find material more pleasing in its effect or better adapted to withstand the ravages of the London atmosphere. The first act recorded is of the year 1863, the last of 1901. . . . All day long the birds flit to and fro in the cloister, and the plane trees rustle overhead, and away beyond the turf and the flame of the geraniums you may catch a soft gleam from the water of the old silent fountain. All day long the City workers come to sit in the shade, and rest and read and dream. What better shrine could there be for the heroes of the workaday world?

Truly an inspiring and compelling picture, this; and to old St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, I went on the next day. It is close by St. Paul's Cathedral, five minutes' walk northward; and the little cloister or loggia is at the farther end of the pretty green, with trees and flowers, beside the church. Postmen's Park the little ground is popularly called, because it is just beside the great Post-Office buildings, and I suppose the postmen more perhaps than any other class of workers—though plainly all classes like it—are in the habit of resting there a bit at noonday after the luncheon hour. Visitors come and go; and many buy from the gardener the little book "In Commemoration of Heroic Self-Sacrifice," which he sells for a penny.

New tablets are added on the wall from time to time, several being placed, as above stated, last August. One tablet honors the heroism of a player in a pantomime at the Princess's Theater. The clothes of one of the actresses caught fire, and this other, Sarah Smith, ran to her to put out the flames, and succeeded, but was herself so terribly burnt that in a day, after much suffering, she died. There are the names of Walter

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Peart and Henry Dean, driver and fireman of a Windsor express on which the connecting-rod of the engine broke and tore the boiler asunder. In a deluge of flame and steam they stuck to their posts and stopped the train, saved their passengers, and met a terrible death. There is the tablet to Mary Rogers, the stewardess of the Channel Islands steamer Stella, which went down in 1899. When the last boat was pushing off, the sailors bade her jump in, but she answered, "No, no; if I get in the boat, it will sink. Good-by! good-by!" She lifted her hands then, and cried, "Lord, have me!" And the Stella sank beneath her feet. There is the tablet to Alice Ayres, the maidservant in Southwark who saved all her master's children from a fire at the cost of her own life:

"And who was Alice Ayres? you ask.
A household drudge who slaved all day,
Whose joyless years were one long task
On stinted food and scanty pay.
But neither hunger, toil, nor care
Could e'er a selfish thought instill,
Or quench a spirit born to dare,
Or freeze that English heart and will."

There are the names of two doctors who sacrificed their lives for their patients. There is the name of Solomon Galaman, the little East End boy of eleven who saved his tiny brother from being run over in the crowded market street, and fell himself beneath the wheels. "Mother," he said, as he lay dying, "mother, I saved him, but I could not save myself." The story of many another is equally heroic. The mere catalogue so deeply stirs the heart that I wish there were space here for every name and deed. The inscriptions on the tablets are the briefest; but in the little book Mrs. Watts has had the fuller stories printed, a page being devoted to each of those commemorated by the first twenty-four tablets. It is a veritable book of the ever-growing Bible, another Book of Acts—the acts of a fortunately monumented few whose names have been snatched almost by chance from among those of the unmonumented thousands who, through the generations, in their humble places, cheered by no trumpet and no hope of pension, have had the fibrous faith that made them faithful unto death, saving others because they would not save themselves. A benediction on George Frederick Watts and the St. Botolph's cloister—as it sheds benediction on London and on us!

About as far south of St. Paul's Cathedral as St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, is north, one comes to Southwark Bridge over the Thames. Five minutes' walk beyond the southern end of the bridge is Southwark Street. From Southwark Street leads black little Red Cross Street, and in Red Cross Street are Red Cross Garden and Hall. It is a historic neighborhood, if indeed a dull and dingy one. Shakespeare's Globe Theater once stood close by; and old St. Savior's Church, now the cathedral of the new diocese of Southwark, in which a beautiful window commemorates the fact that there John Harvard was baptized, is but five minutes' walk away. Dull and dingy the whole neighborhood certainly is—and Red Cross Street in particular; and it is a relief to turn from the street into the pretty green garden, with the picturesque little cottages and hall at the rear. This bright oasis in a desert was created twenty years ago by a group of devoted London people, and is held by a body of trustees, of whom Miss Octavia Hill is one. It is a means of grace to the whole region. The hall is used every Sunday in winter, and forms a beautiful free drawing-room for all who like to come; and it meets a hundred needs week after week. On alternate Sundays for many years one talented woman, Mrs. Marshall, has given concerts here of a fine character, every Christmas arranging a performance of the "Messiah," when all meet as at a religious service; and on Thursdays during the winter groups of friends give dramatic entertainments—the memorable opening entertainment, twenty years ago, having been by George MacDonald and his family, who acted "The Pilgrim's Progress."

But what chiefly drew me to Red Cross Hall, not this summer for the first time, were the panels painted by Walter Crane for its decoration, illustrative of the heroic deeds of the poor. There will be six of these panels altogether, and three of them have already been executed. One of the three is in

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memory of the same Alice Ayres, mentioned above, commemorated by one of the tablets in the St. Botolph's cloister. This memorial panel in Red Cross Hall gains added impressiveness from the fact that the heroic deed which it pictures was done in the immediate neighborhood. The young servant-girl was sleeping in a room with the three children in the front of her master's house over the shop, when roused after midnight by cries of fire from a passer-by. The smoke was rising from the shop below. She ran with the baby in her arms, leading the other children, to wake her master and mistress, and then hastened back with the children and threw open the window. By this time the shop was a mass of flames, and their retreat backward was cut off. The crowd called to Alice to jump or it would be too late, but through the fire and smoke she dragged one child and then another to rescue before she would think of herself, and then from a background of flame fell upon the railing below, with injuries from which, two days afterwards, she died.

This was in 1885. In 1887 a child barely five years old fell down a well 258 feet deep, near Basingstoke. By some miracle, just before reaching the bottom, where the water is twelve feet deep, he caught a rope and held on to it. His cries were heard, and one George Eales at once volunteered to go down the rope to rescue him. He reached the child, and, holding the rope with one hand, somehow managed to tie another rope around the child, and both were drawn up to the top. It is an almost incredible story of daring and endurance; and this deed is the subject of Walter Crane's second picture. The third commemorates the heroism of two navvies who, working with others upon the railway between Glasgow and Paisley, in 1876, stood back upon the approach of an express train, which upon passing would cross a lofty viaduct. Suddenly one saw that a sleeper had started, and that unless it was replaced the train would be wrecked upon the viaduct. "There was no time for words. Jamison made a sign to his nephew, and the two rushed forward; they fixed the sleeper, saved the train—and were left dead upon the line." One who was present at their funeral, which was largely attended, especially by fellow-workmen, wrote: "We laid them in the same grave in an old churchyard on a hillside that slopes down to the very edge of the railway. As the two biers were carried down the hill, the bearers being the friends and comrades of the dead, the trains were coming and going; and I thought of Tennyson's lines:

"'Let the feet of those he wrought for,
Let the tread of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.'"

Surely it is sacramental for the workaday folk of Southwark to gather in the presence of such memorials of workaday heroes as these, to sing the "Messiah," or hear about "The Pilgrim's Progress," or talk together about co-operation. A benediction, too, on Walter Crane, and Octavia Hill, and Red Cross Hall! The thought of it transfigures that whole gloomy bailiwick in the Borough. I wish there were a similar Red Cross Hall in Boston, and in New York, and in Chicago.

Why do memorials such as these never find place in our Christian churches? I have visited more churches than most men in my time—my friends are in the habit of saying that it is impossible for me to pass an English church, especially, without going in—but I never saw a memorial like these in one, English or American, in all my life. The walls of English churches and cathedrals are rapidly becoming filled with ostentatious marbles and brasses—people are rich now, and our generation is lavish with monuments to contemporaries to a degree quite beyond our fathers—in memory of men who went out to South Africa the other day to kill brother men called Boers. I do not here discuss Boer War politics. I do not question that these were good men and true, faithful to their duty as they saw it, as honest fellows as their brothers yonder who faithfully killed them, and that they died bravely—Wellington said he never saw a man who was not brave. I only wonder whether their business was so much more Christ-like than that of the navvy Jamison or Alice Ayres, so much better suited for celebration by Christian churches, that

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there is pre-eminent reason to celebrate it so pompously in that particular place, and the other not at all.

If Christ came to Margate, on the Kent shore at the mouth of the Thames, he would find what I call a truly Christian monument. It is what they call at Margate the Surf Memorial. It is the bronze statue of a man belonging to the life-saving service, peering anxiously out from the shore, which he patrols, into the dark mists above the angry sea, in whose breakers his fellow-men are in danger. Half a dozen of the Kentish surfmen lost their lives to save other lives, in such a terrible ordeal a few years ago; and their names are inscribed upon the pedestal of this statue, which is their memorial. I do not remember their names, but they do not care for that—and it does not matter. All along the New England shore, and the New Jersey shore, their brothers are pacing up and down to-night, under other names, keeping faithful watch through the darkness and the storm for the safety of your brother and mine. How often do we think of them in our quiet beds? One cry upon the midnight air, one rocket shooting yonder to the sky, and, spite of every pulling thought of the woman or the children in the home over the hill, the boat is launched against a fiercer foe than that which the "six hundred" faced at Balaklava, too often with a proportion of fatality as great. Too often, also, their names then remain written in sand or water. It would be well for us if, along with the names of infantrymen and cavalrymen and artillerymen, we could write them oftener in bronze and stone.

AN ACT OF INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP

BY GEORGE MARVIN

Mr. Marvin is an American who has been for some time in official connection with the Chinese Government. He has returned to the United States at this time to act as adviser to the Embassy under Tang-Shao-yi, which is bringing to our Government the formal thanks of the Chinese Government for the remission of a portion of the indemnity resulting from the Boxer outbreaks. In the December Magazine Number of The Outlook will be published an article by Mr. Marvin on "The American Spirit in Chinese Education," to accompany an article by President Roosevelt on "The Awakening of China." In a later issue of The Outlook will be published a character study by Mr. Marvin of Tang-Shao-yi, whose selection by his Government as the head of the coming Embassy is a marked recognition of his character and ability.—THE EDITORS.

CRITICS of the foreign policy of this Government overseas during the past ten years use the word "altruistic" as condemning it. They proceed on the ground that no international dealing is ever founded upon anything but a material self-interest, and they affirm that the unique attitude of the United States Government, particularly in the Far East, is either hypocritical (in which context the word "altruistic" is used ironically), or visionary—"altruistic" conveying in this case an element of contempt. But a policy which has already, in Cuba, proved the first of these criticisms false, and in the Philippines is gradually proving the second position untenable, is now still further substantiated by the remission of the Chinese indemnity. If this be "altruism," it appears assuredly consistent, and sincere, and concrete.

The following diplomatic notes, exchanged at Peking between the Chinese Imperial Government and the American Minister to China, concerning the remis-

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sion of the indemnity in July last, are so unusual and so expressive of the cordial relations established and at present existing between the two Governments, that their publication now has been justified.

NOTE I

MR. ROCKHILL TO THE PRINCE OF CH'ING

July 11, 1908.

Your Highness:

It is with great satisfaction that I have the honor to inform your Highness, under direction of the Secretary of State of the United States, that a bill has passed the Congress of the United States authorizing the President to modify the indemnity bond given the United States by China under the provisions of Article VI of the final protocol of September 7, 1901, from twenty-four million, four hundred and forty thousand dollars ($24,440,000), United States gold currency, to thirteen million, six hundred and fifty-five thousand, four hundred and ninety-two dollars and twenty-nine cents ($13,655,492.29), with interest at four per cent (4%) per annum. Of this amount two million dollars ($2,000,000) are held pending the result of hearings on private claims presented to the Court of Claims of the United States within one year. Any balance remaining after such adjudication is also to be returned to the Chinese Government, in such manner as the Secretary of State shall decide.

The President is further authorized under the Bill to remit to China the remainder of the indemnity as an act of friendship, such payments and remissions to be made at such times and in such a manner as he may deem just.

I am also directed by the Secretary of State to request the Imperial Government kindly to favor him with its views as to the time and manner of the remissions.

Trusting that your Imperial Highness will favor me with an early reply to communicate to my Government, I avail myself of this occasion to renew to your Highness the assurance of my highest consideration.

W. W. ROCKHILL.

To his Highness Prince of Ch'ing, President of the Wai-Wu-Pu (Board of Foreign Affairs).

NOTE II

PRINCE OF CH'ING TO MR. ROCKHILL

(TRANSLATION)

July 14, 1908.

Your Excellency:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your despatch of July 11, informing me that you had been directed by the Secretary of State to notify me that a bill has passed the Congress of the United States authorizing the President to modify the indemnity bond given the United States by China under the provision of Article VI, of the final protocol of September 7, 1901, from twenty-four million, four hundred and forty thousand dollars ($24,440,000), United States gold currency, to thirteen million, six hundred and fifty-five thousand, four hundred and ninety-two dollars and twenty-nine cents ($13,655,492.29), with interest at four per cent (4%) per annum. Of this amount two million dollars ($2,000,000) are held pending the result of hearings on private claims presented to the Court of Claims of the United States within one year. Any balance remaining after such adjudication is also to be returned to the Chinese Government, in such manner as the Secretary of State shall decide. The President is further authorized under the bill to remit to China the remainder of the indemnity as an act of friendship, such payments to be made at such times and in such a manner as he may deem just. As directed by the Secretary of State, your Excellency requests the Imperial Government kindly to favor him with its views as to the time and manner of the remissions and asks an early reply to communicate to your Excellency's Government.

On reading this despatch I was profoundly impressed with the justice and great friendliness of the American Government, and wish to express our sincerest thanks.

Concerning the time and manner of the return of the amounts to be remitted to China, the Imperial Government has no wishes to express in the matter. It relies implicitly on the friendly intentions of the United States Government, and is convinced that it will adopt such measures as are best calculated to attain the end it has in view.

The Imperial Government, wishing to give expression to the high value it places on the friendship of the United States, finds in its present action a favorable opportunity for doing so. Mindful of the desire recently expressed by the President of the United States to promote the coming of Chinese students to the United States to take courses in the schools and higher educational institutions of the country, and convinced by the happy results of past experience of the great value to China of education in American schools, the Imperial Government has the honor to state that it is its intention to send henceforth yearly to the United States a considerable number of students there to receive their education. The Board of Foreign Affairs will confer with the American Minister in Peking concerning the elaboration of plans for the carrying out of the intention of the Imperial Government.

A necessary despatch.

SEAL OF THE WAI-WU-PU.

NOTE III

THE WAI-WU-PU TO MR. ROCKHILL

July 14, 1908.

To his Excellency W. W. Rockhill, American Minister, Peking:

Referring to the despatch just sent to your Excellency regarding sending students to America, it has now been determined that from the year when the return of the indemnity begins, one hundred students shall be sent to America every year for four years, so

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that four hundred students may be in America by the fourth year. From the fifth year and throughout the period of the indemnity payments a minimum of fifty students will be sent each year.

As the number of students will be very great, there will be difficulty in making suitable arrangements for them. Therefore, in the matter of choosing them, as well as in the matters of providing suitable homes for them in America and selecting the schools which they are to enter, we hope to have your advice and assistance. The details of our scheme will have to be elaborated later, but we take this occasion to state the general features of our plan, and ask you to inform the American Government of it. We sincerely hope that the American Government will render us assistance in the matter.

Wishing you all prosperity,

(Signed)

PRINCE OF CH'ING, YUAN-SHIH-K'AI,
NA-TUNG LIEN-FANG
LIANG-TUN-YEN

A few words of explanation will suffice to refresh a memory of past events sufficiently for an adequate appreciation of these documents, and perhaps to make clearer their significance.

After the suppression of the Boxer uprising in 1900, representatives of the Powers met in Peking, together with delegated Chinese officials, to fix upon the damages China should pay. As a result of their deliberations the Final Protocol of September 7, 1901, was issued, under the terms of which China, as a recompense for the attack upon the Legations, the murder of missionaries, and the loss to foreign property, was obliged to pay the sum of 450,000,000 taels [1] ($334,000,000). The joint note of the foreign Ministers submitting their claims was not a demand for the above amount, but rather a formal attempt to ascertain the limits of China's ability to pay. The note was sent on the 7th of May. On the 30th a note from the Chinese plenipotentiaries embodied an Imperial edict covering the amount suggested.

The damages asked for were punitive; it was undoubtedly felt, under the circumstances at that time, that they were properly so.

Of the entire amount of the indemnity payable to all the Powers represented, *i.e.*, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Spain, the United States, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Italy, Japan, Netherlands, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, the amount allotted to the United States was nearly twenty-five million dollars ($24,440,000), and, under the provisions of Article VI of the Final Protocol, China promptly gave to the American Government an indemnity bond for that amount.

During the progress of the negotiations at Peking the damage sustained by American interests was assessed at Washington upon the best data obtainable, and Mr. Rockhill, who was conducting the negotiations at Peking, was instructed unqualifiedly to stipulate for the sum mentioned. When, however, the various American claims which the indemnity was to cover came to be adjudicated, and the expenses incurred by the Army and Navy Departments in the Relief Expedition had been accurately footed up, it was found that the sum asked for and obtained from China was far in excess of the loss and expense actually sustained as a result of the Boxer uprising. Nevertheless, the United States Government was, by every precedent, quite justified in holding the balance. An indemnity has rarely, if ever, been mathematically adjusted to specific damage sustained. It must, in the majority of cases, be either a rough estimate of actual loss, or a shrewd guess as to how much the defeated country is able and willing to pay as compensation.

But, in view of the friendly attitude this Nation has always manifested toward China, it was consistent and appropriate that the balance should be returned—consistent and appropriate, but not by any means necessarily in accordance with international custom. When, therefore, a bill was introduced in Congress authorizing the President to modify the indemnity bond given by China, and remit the remainder, "as an act of friendship," a step was taken as rare as the return of Cuba after its reclamation. The bill, introduced by Senator Lodge, was duly passed by Congress, the provisions of the Act were cabled to Peking and were communicated by W. W.

[1] The Chinese tael is an evasive term to define even in China. It is, in brief, a certain weight of silver, but in different parts of the Empire different weights of silver constitute a tael, and a given tael varies in value. The "Protocol tael" equals a little over 74 cents gold.

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Rockhill, the American Minister, in a note bearing date of July 11, to the Prince of Ch'ing, President of the Wai-Wu-Pu (Board of Foreign Affairs).

By this Act of Congress the sum of $10,784,507.71 is remitted to China, with a probable further addition from the balance of a reserve fund of $2,000,000, held pending hearings on a few claims still outstanding.

It is important to understand how this remission is effected, as much misapprehension prevails on the subject. In the first place, no money is actually handed back by the United States to China; indeed, China continues to pay annually to the United States a large sum of money in interest and amortization on the amount still justly due in payment of allowed Boxer claims. When China gave the indemnity bond in 1901, certain annual revenues of the Imperial Government were designated and set aside for the service of the debt due America. By the Remission Act, therefore, only about half of these revenues necessarily continue pledged to the extinguishing of the Boxer debt; the other half, by that act, is set at liberty to be used by the Imperial Government for its own purposes. The income thus annually made available to the Chinese amounts to something over $500,000. Furthermore, all interest and amortization already paid by the Chinese on the basis of $24,440,000 is deducted from the remainder of the capital due after the Remission Act, *i. e.*, $13,655,492.29, which will, of course, have the effect of greatly hastening complete amortization, and still further reducing annual payments. Under the plan of amortization adopted for the whole amount of the original indemnity, the sum is payable, with interest at four per cent, in irregular annual installments extending over a period of thirty-nine years, the last payment falling due in 1940.

In this connection, however, that paragraph in Note I is to be marked which expressly reserves the right to the President to make payments and remissions "at such times and in such a manner as he may deem just." And while the method above indicated would give China immediately a continuous use of the remitted sum during the currency of the indemnity payments, it is quite within the power and judgment of the Executive to devote all payments during the next eight years to the entire discharge of the debt still due this Government, before the remitted portion is allowed to accrue. In other words, it is left to the judgment of the Administration whether the entire amount of the revenues pledged to the American indemnity shall be divided in two, horizontally or vertically—(1) remitted and unremitted portions accruing jointly to their several uses, or (2) the remittance postponed until the debt is wiped out. There is every reason to suppose that the former will be the course adopted.

The reply of the Prince of Ch'ing to Mr. Rockhill's note is of a character very rare in Chinese diplomatic correspondence. After a rehearsal of the information contained in the American Minister's despatch, the remainder of the note has a personal character and a tone of sincerity and warmth which make it unique. The Wai-Wu-Pu, continuing since 1901 the traditions of the Tsungli-Yamen, which body it superseded by the terms of the Protocol, has in all the Chancelleries maintained a standard of ultra-conservatism, reserve, often apparent apathy. It may be doubted whether it has ever set its seal to a document more frankly and cordially expressive.

It is difficult to appreciate rightly the effect of this generous and friendly act of the American Government upon the Chinese people. They are a people unused to such acts; their history has provided them with few similar precedents. As a community, they are unaccustomed to any effective stimuli from outside their borders, except in the form of "expeditions" followed by concessions, or the useful but only partially felt beginnings of the missionaries. There is in China a vernacular press, which grows and spreads as weeds do in the moist garden of an empty house. It does some good, and probably as much harm, but it does bring to the Chinese people a knowledge of outside events which they never had before, and it has the power of creating an intelligent, if sometimes misguided, public opinion.

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The vernacular press printed in all parts of China the news of the remitted indemnity. Through other channels it has become known to the large and all-powerful official classes in various parts of the Empire. The news of it and its effect have found recognition where treaties are never understood. Here was a friendly, generous act; a determination not to profit by China's weakness; and it was expressed in concrete terms of money. The Chinese recognize and appreciate an effective altruism which costs something—a trait, it may be added, not confined exclusively to the Orient.

In pledging itself to the American educational mission the Chinese Government has given the fullest evidence of its appreciation. According to estimates made in Peking last summer, it was calculated that by and after the fourth year of the proposed educational foundation the investment necessary to finance the Chinese students in America would amount to $500,000 annually, a sum nearly equivalent to the entire yearly revenue remitted. Already, and quite apart from the scheme proposed in the note of the Wai-Wu-Pu, there are maintained in the United States by Imperial and Provincial funds one hundred and fifty-five Chinese students, picked boys and young men, sons of officials and prominent and wealthy merchants, chosen often by competitive examinations. The students now to be sent annually by the Imperial Government will be still more carefully selected. These are the men destined for positions of responsibility and influence in that "Awakening China" of which we hear so much, and because of these things our schools and colleges, the undergraduates, and the people at large, may have sight of the opportunities and possibilities which are theirs and ours.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

SECOND PAPER

CHRISTIANITY BEFORE CHRIST

CHRISTIANITY before Christ? Yes. Jesus Christ did not originate a religion. He developed, or, to use his own words, fulfilled, a religion already existing. Christianity is Judaism in bloom. Judaism is Christianity in bud. Both Christians and Jews have too often forgotten that Jesus was a Jew.

The Christianity of Jesus Christ, that is, the Christianity as taught by him and exemplified in his life, it ought not to be difficult to state; the Judaism in which he was brought up, and of which his teaching was the perfect flower, it is more difficult to state. For this Judaism, as it existed in the first century, was, like Christianity in the twentieth century, a development of many centuries, in which pagan philosophy, ritual, and morals had become intermingled. In attempting to describe Judaism in this paper, I shall do as I did in the previous paper in attempting to describe Christianity, go to the origins, and describe primitive Judaism as it existed before it had been developed into an elaborate code and had been modified by the paganism which surrounded it. This primitive Judaism is found in the Book of the Covenant,[1] the oldest book in the

[1] In this paper I shall assume that the Book of the Covenant, which is contained in the Book of Exodus (chapters xx.-xxiv. 8), is the oldest book in the Bible; that it dates from the days of Moses, that is, from twelve to fourteen hundred years before Christ; that the Deuteronomic code is a later development of Judaism, probably about 670 B.C. The reader who desires to know more fully the reasons for this assumption must be referred to other authorities, such as S. R. Driver, "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," or my "Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews," and the authorities there cited.

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Bible, and in prehistoric traditions collected by an unknown author and retold in the Book of Genesis.

The national history of Israel begins ten or twelve centuries before Christ with the people enslaved in Egypt. The popular religion of the people about them involved a worship of nature. Man was subject, nature divine. The sun, the moon, the stars, the river Nile, the productive plains, the cattle which fed upon them, the very beetles that burrowed in the ground, were looked on with a fear akin to reverence. The mothers taught the children of this enslaved people a different faith. The sun and moon and stars, the clouds and flying birds and browsing cattle and creeping things, are not our gods, said they. Nor is our God like these objects your heathen masters fear and adore. Our God is one God; he made the sun and moon and stars, the cattle on the plains, the fish in the sea, the creeping things that burrow in the sand. And he made you in his image, and breathed into you the breath of his own life. They are not divine, your lords. You are divine and their master. Their evil god, the accuser of the souls of men, the incarnation of all evil, you shall in time put your foot upon; your heel shall grind his head to powder.

When, therefore, the emancipated people reached the camping ground where their constitution was to be given them, they were in some measure prepared for it. They already had a childish faith in a beneficent Spirit greater than all the gods of Egypt, and a faith in themselves as his children and his heirs. The constitution given to them, as the basis of their social life as well as their spiritual worship, was, in comparison with the elaborate systems of the people around them, so simple that it is safe for me to assume that some even of my readers will think I belittle it in describing it. That constitution was contained in ten brief sentences which may be summarized thus: Reverence God; honor your parents; keep a little time sacred from drudgery for the cultivation of the higher life; regard the four fundamental rights of your neighbors—their right to person, to property, to the family, and to reputation; and do this from the heart. If you do this, you need no priests. You will yourself be a nation of priests. For God asks of you nothing more than this, and will accept nothing less. As to altar and temple—if you want them, build them. But put your emphasis on other things than ritual. Build your altar of earth wherever you chance to be; or if you are not content with that, and must have a more elaborate structure of stone, build it of unhewn stone.[1]

This was the whole ritual of primitive Judaism. God is a righteous God, who demands righteousness of his people and demands nothing else. And righteousness means simply reverence for God and fair dealing toward men. James, who is pre-eminently the Jewish Christian in the early church, sums it up in the sentence: "Religious service pure and unpolluted, in the estimation of him who is our God and Father, is this, to visit orphans and widows in their affliction, and to preserve himself unspotted from the world."[2] And the whole theology of primitive Judaism is this: God is spirit; man is spirit; God and man are kin; and material nature is their servant and is framed to do their bidding.

These two essential tenets of Judaism, Judaism never wholly lost. The theology remained essentially a human theology. God was represented as a human God—not like the sun or moon or stars. His righteousness was like the great mountains; his mercy was in the heavens; his faithfulness reached into the clouds; but he himself was like a King ruling his people, like a Shepherd watching over his sheep, like a Father who pities his children, like a Mother comforting her child. Because of this likeness a real fellowship existed, a fellowship quite independent of altar or temple or sacrifice or priest. "To the Jew, God is the great companion, the profound and loving yet terrible friend of his inmost soul, with whom he holds communion in the sanctuary of his heart, to whom he turns, or should turn, in every hour of adversity or happiness."[3]

[1] Exodus xx., 24-26.
[2] Dean Alford's translation.
[3] J. Cotter Morison, "The Service of Man." This testimony to the Jewish experience is the more significant because it comes from a very pronounced agnostic.

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He is one who comforts, and counsels, and strengthens, and encourages, and forgives, and restores. He is not a hypothesis to account for creation, a scientific theory; nor is he a remote being difficult to become acquainted with. He is an inward experience. It is to one's own soul one must listen for the voice of his God. There is no space here to quote cumulative passages in support of this general statement. One significant passage must suffice:[1]

> For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not too hard for thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, and make us to hear it, that we may do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, and make us to hear it, that we may do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.

When, later, a sacrificial system and a priesthood and a Temple were borrowed from paganism and grafted on to Judaism, this human spirit still remained in it, distinguishing it from all pagan systems. In the Jewish Temple, as in the pagan temples, there was a Holy of Holies which the people might not enter. Before it was an altar; surrounding it were sacrifices. But within, the supreme symbol of the deity was very different. In the pagan temple some sort of physical emblem or image served to symbolize the Eternal. In the Jewish Temple he was symbolized by the Ten Commandments and by a Mercy Seat; the first reminded the worshiper of his own conscience, the second of his own forgiving tenderness exercised toward the erring and the sinful, and needed by himself because he also was erring and sinful. Thus the Temple also was ever saying, by an eloquent though silent symbolism, God made man in his own image; within himself, therefore, man must look for the interpreter of his God.

This was the first and most fundamental theological doctrine of Judaism, summed up by Jesus in the saying, God is spirit. God is spirit; man is spirit; therefore God and man are kin; therefore communication, fellowship, familiar intercourse, between them is possible.

[1] Deuteronomy xxx. 12-14.

The second was that spirit is master, matter is servant. In the beginning God created the world. He formed it and he rules it. It is the body in which he dwells, the habiliment he wears, the tabernacle in which he abides. It does his bidding, and its phenomena manifest his will. He laid the foundations of the earth; he covers it with the deep as with a garment; he sends the springs into the valleys; he watereth the hills from his chambers; he causeth the grass to grow; he appointed the moon for seasons; he makes darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the field do creep forth.[1] And this nature, which is obedient to God, he has commanded to be obedient to man. It is man's servant, because man is God's child. Man is therefore to subdue it, and have dominion over it, and over all things which it produces, and all creatures which live upon it, and all the forces which are contained within it, and all the laws which regulate it. Is he oppressed by a sense of the magnitude of creation when he considers the heavens, the moon, and the stars; and does he cry out, appalled at his own littleness, What is man, that thou art mindful of him? The answer of the Hebrew prophet is instant and unquestioning: Thou hast made man but little lower than God, and crowned him with glory and honor, and madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hand, and hast put all things under his feet.[2]

The relation which this fundamental Jewish faith in the inherent dignity and divinity of man has to the question of the miracles I must leave to be considered hereafter in the chapter on Christianity and theology. But I may prepare for that consideration by saying, leaving the reader to ponder the saying if he will, that the value, and the whole value, of the doctrine of the miraculous lies in this, that it is a phase of this faith that God is the Lord of nature, that the laws of nature are his instruments, not his manacles, and that man, as God's son and heir, shares this lordship with his Father. The relation which this fundamental Jewish faith in the inherent dignity and divinity of man has to social

[1] Psalm civ. [2] Psalm viii.

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and political organization I must leave to be considered hereafter in the chapters on "Christianity and Morals" and "What Christianity Has Done for the World." But I may preface that consideration by saying, leaving the reader to ponder that saying if he will, that the Jewish Commonwealth is the oldest democracy in the world, that wherever the doctrine of divine manhood has gone, sooner or later revolution against autocracy has followed, and that where the reverse doctrine has prevailed, of the essential indignity and unworth of man, there despotism has maintained itself successfully and generally without even serious resistance.

But here I am only concerned to sum up in a sentence the essential elements in the Christianity before Christ; the faith of which he was the most splendid interpreter and example, and the truth of which he, a Jew, assumed in all his teaching to his auditors, who were also Jews. God has made man in his own image; therefore righteousness in man interprets to us the righteousness of God. If we ask, What is meant by righteousness? the reply is, Ask your own conscience; and conscience interrogated answers: Reverence for God, respect for parents, keeping some time sacred from drudgery for the higher life, and regard for the four fundamental rights of your neighbor. If we ask, What other service, ritual, or creed does he require? the answer of Judaism is, Nothing. Service, ritual, and creed are useful only as they help to such a life. If we ask, How can we, in such a world as this, live such a life? the answer is, He who bids us help one another offers us his help; offers himself as our companion. And, finally, if with the agnostic we find it difficult to believe in "the existence, behind the veil of the invisible world, of an invisible Personality, friendly to man, at once brother and God," Jesus Christ will show us how to solve that difficulty and find the Helper and the Friend we need. This is the message of the Christianity of Jesus Christ as interpreted in the light of the Christianity before Jesus Christ. Whether this differs from the message of other religions, and, if so, how it differs, are questions I shall try to answer in the next paper.

LETTERS FROM AN INDIAN BUNGALOW

BY AGATHA DANE

THE SIXTH LETTER

HAVE I ever told you about Lawrence Hall in Lahore? It is a beautiful building, reminding me—if no one else!—of the Congressional Library in Washington. There is an enormous room on each side of which a fine staircase with broad landings leads to a gallery all around. At one end is a long table where is served the best coffee in India, and there is a band of music for dancing four times a week all winter from seven o'clock to eight in the afternoon. There are rooms for cards, and a large reading-room, where I can look over all my favorite American magazines, and a good library of the latest books as they are published. Now the band plays outside in the lovely gardens, and even the coffee table and bar are moved to a lawn where people sit under the electric fans. As we drive along the broad, well-watered mall with its steam-rollers and electric lights, and its crowd of smart traps and automobiles, bound, like ourselves, for the Club, we might, except for the Lieutenant-Governor's victoria driven postilion-fashion with four camels, be in any modern city in America or Europe; that is, when it is too dark

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to see that the passers-by on the pavements are almost all natives. Leaving the brick blocks of shops, we go by trim hedges set well back from the road behind a fringe of grass and flower borders—the landscape gardening here looks like what you see at home—and great shade trees and white bungalows in lawns beyond, and the low wall around the English park of Government House, and the beautiful new Punjab Club with its many colonnades, and we come at last to the front avenue up to the Hall, where a throng of carriages and motors are drawn up and their well-dressed occupants—nothing durzie-made about the looks of Lahoreites!—are listening to the playing of the police band.

We went there to-day, as usual, and it seemed impossible that we could be in a plague-stricken city, where close by us thousands of people are dying daily, and where the spirits of hate and murder and fear are stalking abroad. One simply can't realize the danger one hears talked about so much.

I spoke just now of a crowd at the Club, but there are really very few people in Lahore now, since every one who could leave has gone away to "the hills" much earlier this year than usual. It is the fashion among those of us who are left to laugh at them for running away and to call the judges and other civilians "alarmists"—but there really is a good deal to be frightened about. However, since the rioters in Rawal Pindi have hurt their cause so much by rousing public opinion against them even in England, and now that some of the leading "seditious spirits," as the papers call them, have been arrested and exiled, every one is beginning to breathe more freely and think that we are out of the woods—for the present, at all events. How I do wish that I might give you any idea of the state of things here this spring, but after all there was almost nothing tangible, and it is hard to write about things that never happened. As some one once said about picnics, you have a most delightful time or the reverse, as the case may be, and are full of it yourself; but there is nothing whatever to tell about it to another person who was not there.

Months ago Mr. Younghusband, the Commissioner, caused a mild sensation by declaring that every white woman and child ought to be made to leave India at once. This was the first I had heard of there being any trouble. I had, of course, read more or less of the *Swadeshi* movement in Bengal, but that began as a purely industrial question—Indian people should wear Indian clothes made by Indian tailors, and not buy any English imports, and all that; but nothing said apropos of the idea seems to me any more emphatic than many of the tirades of free-traders and protectionists I had listened to at home.

Every one laughed at Mr. Younghusband's statement, and they laughed at one of the big judges when he unexpectedly came back from his circuit the other day and packed his wife and daughters off to Simla at a few hours' notice, a whole month before they had arranged to go. It also seemed amusing to hear that all the judges of the civil court were buying themselves firearms and ammunition to such an extent that there were no more to be bought in Lahore. We went one day to the big shop where they sell such things, and were told that they were absolutely sold out and could not get fresh supplies from Bombay and Calcutta fast enough, and were shown their order book with three pages of "rush" orders that had come in that day. This was after the editor of a local native paper had been tried for political libel and found guilty, and the judges had been attacked by a mob as they left the court-house.

In the spring we could not help noticing the change of manners on the part of one's servants, the Hindu shopkeepers, and the natives one met in the street. Then we heard alarming reports of the big mass-meetings that were being held in the Shadrach gardens outside Lahore. There one of the native orators declared that, as the Indians outnumbered the English five hundred to one, all they had to do was to send picked bands of fifty men to every bungalow at an appointed hour to exterminate every white person. After another meeting, when vile statements were made about the manners and morals of the ladies

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who frequented Lawrence Hall, the Club servants became most insolent. At the last dance of the season we were all warned that it might be dangerous to sit out anywhere in the grounds. One day I was playing bridge, and, finding myself dummy, left the card-room and went to get coffee. The band was playing at one end and a few couples were dancing, but the big hall looked rather deserted. As soon as the man at the coffee table saw me coming he proceeded to sit down on the floor. "I want some coffee," I said, but he seemed most unwilling to give it to me. Fortunately a choleric-looking old gentleman happened along at that moment, and ordered him up in terms which included calling him the son of a pig and imputations as to his maternal aunt's reputation. The man got up and very slowly offered me a cup into which he had poured about half an inch of coffee. All the time he looked me square in the face and muttered unintelligible words at me. I handed back the cup and told him to fill it; which he did by turning on the faucet of the urn and holding my cup under it, till the coffee flowed over the brim and ran on to the saucer and the floor. I have no idea why he should be a special enemy of mine, but more than once after that I saw him lurking behind me with hate in his eyes, and felt that should the "appointed hour" strike while I was at the Club, he was the first person I ought to look out for!

About this time an unfortunate German was one day dragged out of his carriage driving along the mall in broad daylight, and, being unable to speak even enough English to explain that it was not his language, would have been killed if two young officers riding by had not come to his rescue. One of our Meeammeer neighbors was driving home one evening when a native plucked off his shoe and flung it at her. The husband of one of my bridge-playing friends in Lahore went out on a tour of railway inspection and telegraphed back to his wife from his first stop that she must never be without her rifle, loaded and carried about from room to room with her; and must *let the servants* know that she could use it. Now the mere fact of having a loaded rifle by one's side day and night is enough to get on any one's nerves, so no wonder that some people grew first jumpy, then panic-stricken.

Out here in a cantonment we are as safe as it is possible to be. The only danger, but one that is always taken into reckoning here, is the possibility of the native troops revolting. Every officer in the Indian Army will tell you that *his* men are loyal—but that was what they believed fifty years ago. The tenth of May was the fiftieth anniversary of the Mutiny, and every one felt that anything might happen.

Now the hot weather is here we sleep on the veranda, which looks like a hospital ward with the white beds under mosquito curtains. Sometimes in the night I am wakened suddenly by the noise of men coming up from the bazaar and the flash of their lanterns, and I sit up at once wide awake and feel for the weapon one always has ready, and wonder if the "appointed hour" has come. But the men pass by, and I fall asleep again with the calmness born of habit—one gets used to anything. Whenever I hear a gun fired I stop still, whatever I am doing, to listen if two more follow—three guns being the danger signal. We have had orders, if we hear that, to go at once to the sergeants' mess, about a quarter of a mile away, where we should find a guard. I have explained to the ayah that if she ever hears this signal she must drop everything instantly and pick up Baby and run. She must not even stop to see if her own children in the compound are safe. Her reply—"Oh, no, Memsahib, no harm come to my children; they brown. Poor little white baby!"—was not reassuring, since it showed that the servants were, like us, aware that something was in the wind. Indeed, for the past week or so they have been holding meetings of their own, forty or fifty men all sitting about and talking in the next compound, which is vacant, every afternoon. My old dear of an ayah left a short time ago. She was ill and really too old to work. Gunga Din, who was the only servant in whose loyalty and affection we felt any confidence, and who could keep all the

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others in order, has got sick leave. We also have a new butler, with a villainous-looking face. It is not pleasant to feel that you may suddenly be stabbed by the khitnaghar who stands so attentively behind your chair at dinner. We have to be careful what we say before them, in spite of their pretense of understanding no English, and never to appear worried or anxious.

The news of the Pindi riots was somewhat disheartening. Picture the missionary's wife, sitting peacefully writing on the veranda and looking up to see a crowd of men approaching, and still never imagining that anything was wrong, till all at once she saw her house invaded and everything in it being smashed to pieces with the sticks each man was armed with, while she fled for her life, as she firmly believes, to the next bungalow. The mob opened every drawer and searched every cupboard, and after they had broken and torn to pieces every article the poor woman owned—including all her year-old wedding presents—they made heaps of what was left, poured on the oil they seem deliberately to have brought with them, and set fire to the house. You have of course read all about it in the American papers, but I wish you could see, as I did, some photographs taken just after, showing a scene of utter desolation in half-burnt piles of torn books, fragments of china and glass, bicycles resolved into their component parts, bits of a sewing-machine, and what had once been a typewriter. In the foreground some little white rabbits are nibbling away calmly; they were absolutely the only things in the compound the rioters left uninjured.

But in Lahore nothing of the sort happened, and now that the much-feared Lalput Raj has been arrested, nothing is any longer expected. I don't quite like the way he was captured, it was too much like sharp play; but I suppose in dealing with Orientals one has to use their own methods. One of the Commissioners who is motor-mad appeared at Lalput Raj's house and invited him for a drive in the latest new automobile. The invitation was accepted, and they say he suspected nothing till he found himself being driven full speed to the guard-room of the Glouces-ter Regiment out in Meeammeer. Even then, and during his trial, which lasted five minutes, he was calm and serene in the confidence that he had been far too wily ever to have left any evidence against himself floating about. He did not know that an old law had been unearthed—dated the beginning of last century and never until now enforced—whereby the Lieutenant-Governor has full power to transport at will any "treasonable or seditious" person. So the prisoner was hurried into a special train waiting for him at the Meeammeer railway station, and is now, I believe, in Mandalay fortress. The head of the police Sahib and one of the line directors who made the journey with him were certainly to be pitied; for, to prevent any slip or message or attempt at rescue, the carriage all three were in had had every window and door carefully sealed, and only those who have tried it know the discomfort of even the best-ventilated Indian train in hot weather.

Of course we did not know all these details at the time. The day of the arrest was most exciting. At luncheon a note came to the Captain Sahib saying that the guns were ordered out but that he was to stay behind, in command in Meeammeer. He rushed off for orders, telling me to lock every door, and giving me a rifle to "play with." It seemed hours before he came back. Every servant disappeared as if by magic, and their cabin doors were tight shut the way they are at night. Then the Major Memsahib drove up in a victoria with her little boy and a box of all her jewelry. She did not like the idea of staying alone in her bungalow when her husband had been ordered out, and we sat waiting all day long wishing we knew in the least why the troops were all marching into Lahore. Had the bank been attacked, or had the bazaar broken loose, and would our houses be sacked, as in Pindi? I longed for a telephone as I never longed for anything in my life.

In the middle of the afternoon, when the Captain Sahib had ridden over to the lines for the twentieth time to try to

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collect some news as to what was happening in the city, a mounted cavalryman galloped furiously up and flung out a despatch—as they do on the stage. We found it was an official order to the Captain Sahib to send two guns to the Church as soon as he heard the sound of firing. This really *was* thrilling. From then on we could do nothing but sit with our ears pricked up, listening; but, after all, the day had a tame ending and the batteries came rattling back as if they had merely been on a parade. A demonstration, it was called; the theory being that the sight of a few Johnnies would be a good object-lesson for the inhabitants of the bazaar and city, many of whom had never seen the British soldiers or guns in workaday garb.

We drove into Lahore that evening to a dinner party, and, after debating whether or not to take a guard, decided in favor of a shotgun. I felt as if I were acting in a war play. There were pickets on the railway crossings and patrolling the banks of the canal, and we met the Ambulance Corps slowly making their way home, and got mixed up with a squadron of native cavalry in such a blinding cloud of dust that, in spite of the leader's shouts of warning, the men closing in behind almost ran us down. The sentry at Government House rushed out and leveled his rifle at us and demanded something—the Captain Sahib said it was only the Indian pronunciation of "Who goes there?" and he called back "Friend." I had never been challenged before, and was rather disturbed. However, we got to our dinner and home again alive; doubtless the road was safer that night than it had been for weeks.

COMMENT ON CURRENT BOOKS

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT

This designation may justly be given to the pulpit of the City Temple in London. Mr. Campbell has the British people for his hearers as no other preacher now has. Especially is his Thursday service attended by all sorts and conditions of men, from members of Parliament down, and the press quotes his utterances then and on Sundays oftener than those of any other clergyman. It is as an exponent of the so-called New Theology that he has incurred the sharpest criticism, and, as The Outlook has heretofore said, he is an effective preacher while he is an illogical theologian. This collection of discourses,[1] while it places him quite outside the pale of the creeds, goes far to vindicate his contention that "the New Theology is an attempt to recover the strenuous moral note of the teaching of Jesus." This note pervades the volume, often rising to a terrible intensity. Against the charge of his critics that he belittles the fact of sin Mr. Campbell retorts that the ordinary Christian doctrine "blinds men's eyes to the real seriousness of sin," and is not only untrue but "morally mischievous," particularly in that "it practically ignores sins of omission," especially in the field of social responsibility. To this chiefly he charges the alienation between the churches and the masses. In his discourse on "The Social Judgment" the prophet Amos, from whom he takes the text, "Prepare to meet thy God," almost seems risen again to thunder against the religious men who "stand for the most damnable force in the civilized world to-day—materialism in alliance with religion." The occasional note of extravagance, which is Mr. Campbell's chief defect as a preacher, is the defect of his quality, which is a constant though not always well-balanced enthusiasm for humanity and for the realization in all men of the divine ideal.

[1] Thursday Mornings at the City Temple. By Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50, net.

THE STORY OF THE PHARAOHS

Under this title[1] a competent scholar relates the history of Egypt from the earliest times to the Persian conquest in 525 B.C., a period of thirty-seven centuries. As reconstructed by the work of excavators and linguists during the century since Champollion's discovery of the key to the hieroglyphic inscriptions, that history is now in large part more fully known than that of the Hebrews from Abraham's date, more than two thousand years nearer our time.

[1] The Story of the Pharaohs. By the Rev. James Baikie, F.R.A.S. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50, net.

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Mr. Baikie, while availing himself of the latest results of research, writes for the general reader, and gives life and reality to his picture of the first great world power in history—not its monarchs only, but the great men who served them, its society, literature, and art—rivaling the later fame of Rome, and stained by no such excesses of wickedness. The bringing back from the dead of this highly organized empire into modern view is of more than merely dramatic interest. The gradual decay of the fruit of its centuries of patient effort through the influence of alien immigration carries a suggestive lesson for us. The volume is richly illustrated.

HUMAN EVOLUTION

Not the theory of evolution, but the light it throws on the problems of human life and progress, is the main purpose of this volume.[1] Human evolution unfolds a great drama, the logic of which is that incomplete development is man's greatest danger. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest puts the critical question, Who are the fittest? Not necessarily the dominant; many such have been weeded out. The fittest is the one which improves its inheritance by cultivating what is best in it. The fittest are the progressive, who advance by faith in the unattained good. The fittest are they who best conform to what is best in their environment, and this best environment they themselves create by wise selection from all their surroundings. Thus evolutionary science powerfully enforces the ethical demand of religion. An important and excellent book, this, and in a line not often taken by a professor of biology.

FIRST AND LAST THINGS

The author's prolific pen here sets forth his thoughts on things that are of importance first and last.[2] Authors are expected to present their own thoughts, but seldom is it with such prominence of the first personal pronoun. It is, however, best thus, if one wishes to speak in favor of bigamy—"if three people of their own free will desire it," and of "a eugenic association" for breeding "a special strain of chosen people," superseding the monogamous family as the Oneida Community planned to do in 1848. General rules and social conventions, it is contended, make too little allowance for individual peculiarities. These must be provided for, especially in the case of exceptional people. "If I were a father confessor," says the author, "I should begin my catalogue of sins by asking, 'Are you a man of regular life?'" That Mr. Wells is one of the exceptionals is thus made sufficiently apparent, and pathetically so in his avowal as to Jesus Christ, that "this great and very definite personality in the hearts and imaginations of mankind does not and never has attracted me."

[1] Man in the Light of Evolution. By John M. Tyler, Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25, net.

[2] First and Last Things. By H. G. Wells. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50, net.

POEM OUTLINES

This slender volume[1] is a poet's note-book. It records ideas, impressions, figures, pictures, which the poet proposes to use at some future time in a more complete way. It is a collection of fragments, of quick studies, such as the painter makes out of doors when the light is rapidly changing, and which he works up at leisure in his studio. These poem-sketches, as the introductory note tells us, were jotted in pencil on the backs of envelopes, on the margins of musical programmes, on little torn scraps of paper, amid all sorts of surroundings; some are mere suggestions of similes, others are quite distinctly finished. Two or three illustrations, taken almost at random from the book, will describe its contents more fully than the most elaborate description:

I have great trouble in behavior. I know what to do, I know what I at heart desire to do; but the *doing* of it, that is work, that labor is. I construct in my lonesome meditations the fairest scheme of my relations to my fellow-men, and to fellow-events; but when I go to set the words of solitary thought to the music of much-crowded action, I find ten thousand difficulties never suspected: difficulties of race, temperament, mood, tradition, custom, passion, unreason, and other difficulties which I do not understand, as, for instance, the failure of contemporary men to recognize genius and great art.

—

I fled in tears from the men's ungodly quarrel about God; I fled in tears to the woods, and laid me down on the earth; then somewhat like the beating of many hearts came up to me out of the ground, and I looked and my cheek lay close by a violet; then my heart took courage and I said:

"I know that thou art the word of my God, dear Violet: And Oh the ladder is not long that to my heaven leads. Measure what space a violet stands above the ground, 'tis no farther climbing that my soul and angels have to do than that."

—

I made me a song of serenade,
And I stole in the Night, in the Night,
To the window of the world where man slept light,
And I sang:
O my Love, my Love, my Fellow Man,
My Love.

—

And then
A gentle violin mated with the flute,
And both flew off into a wood of harmony,
Two doves of tone.

QUOTATIONS

In its limp leather binding, gilt and red edges, and holiday form, an attractive volume[2] has been made of Mr. Walsh's International Encyclopædia of prose and poetical quotations. There are selections from many languages, but all

[1] Poem Outlines. By Sidney Lanier. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1, net.

[2] The International Encyclopedia of Prose and Poetical Quotations. By William S. Walsh. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. $5.

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under one alphabet, and all thoroughly indexed. Mr. Walsh is an adept at the making of compilations of this kind. The volume is a welcome addition to the literature of its class.

BUDDHIST ESSAYS

The author of this volume[1] evidently understands Buddhism through personal intercourse with native monks in Ceylon and Burma. As evidently he misunderstands Christianity in drawing his ideas of it from other sources than the teachings of Christ, and in presenting Buddhism as having a superior claim to be "the true world religion." This from a European scholar is "illuminism," or a dream, or a frenzy—it matters little which. From an ethical standpoint it looks like frenzy. In Buddhism the individual "makes himself the center of the universe." Buddhism inculcates neighbor-love "on the coldest but also the soundest basis the world can offer;" *i. e.*, "love is not bestowed in the interest of the receiver thereof; the giver bestows it in his own interest." Yet Buddhism has a "mission to the world." It "is the only completely atheistical system in the world." Buddha "stretched out the firm, strong safety net of [this] his doctrine" for minds in despair of other religions. His universe is "a piece of self-actuating machinery," in which "Karma"—the conservation of energy in action and reaction—"takes the place filled by God" in theistic religion, and grinds the grist of cause and effect without escape from the iron wheels, till the sorrowing soul escapes its pain by ceasing to desire, and will, and do, in perfect indifference to all that is, as all illusion. This is "Nirvana"—the Buddhist heaven. Nevertheless, this is in two points of view a valuable book—first as a full and reliable exposition of an exclusively Oriental system of thought by an appreciative European convert, but chiefly as furnishing a fresh incentive to rid Christianity of accretions which give a starting-point for such religious nihilism.

ELSON'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

Three years ago The Outlook reviewed at considerable length Mr. Elson's "History of the United States,"[2] recognizing it as an important contribution to American history, and as having in its plan of treatment and clearness of diction a claim to high praise and to general use. We are pleased to know that the work has had the popular reception to which it was eminently entitled, and to see a new edition put forth in five volumes, substantially bound, and well suited for either library or home use. There are two hundred illustrations, selected and edited by Mr. C. H. Hart.

THE NEW THINGS OF GOD

Under this title are collected a score of sermons[1] from the pulpit of the Manhattan Congregational Church in New York. The preacher is a man in close touch with the various phases of life in the great city, and feels their need of fresh adaptations of the ancient Gospel to the thought and circumstances of the time. Not truth absolutely new, but old truth freshly put and in new relations, is the substance of his message, illustrated from his large acquaintance with literature and life. Dr. Stimson feels and joins in the movement of modern thought, saying that "a new theology is the demand and the inevitable product of every age," but that after all, and in all change, religion is the same, "the response of the soul to God," Christ as ever the pilot of the soul, and one's attitude toward him the test of character. These discourses are focused on the fundamental truths with a frequently inspirational effect.

ETHICS

In several respects this work,[2] among the many of its kind appearing in recent years, is eminently valuable, especially for the ample treatment given to ethics in the world of action in civil society, amidst the relations of political, economic, and family life. To trace the growth of morality, and to discover its laws and principles, with a view to their application to present social conditions and problems for progressive moral development, is the proper aim of ethical science as here unfolded. The process of moral development is first traced historically, with specific illustrations from ancient and modern life. Next, moral theories are shown as growing out of practical experience suggesting fruitful applications, and tending to establish certain principles. The enlightened judgment thus informed is then introduced to the examination of the now unsettled questions which show morality to be still in the making. Here the whole subject of social life as related to individual freedom, and responsibility legal and moral, is threshed out. The doctrine previously advanced, "that there are no rights morally except such as express the will of a good *member of society*," is extended to the statement that "th only fundamental anarchy is that which regards rights as private monopolies, ignoring their social origin and intent."

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[1] Buddhist Essays. By Paul Dahlke. Translated by Bhikkhu Silacara. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3, net.

[2] History of the United States of America. By Henry William Elson. In 5 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $7.50 per set.

[1] The New Things of God. By Henry A. Stimson. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25, net.

[2] Ethics. By John Dewey and James H. Tufts. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

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The cardinal right and duty of education, now restricted by inadequate economic conditions, here receives, among other rights, peculiarly needed illumination. As one after another point comes up in which present practice fails to meet the moral demand—such as the handicap of poverty in the pursuit of legal justice, the undue advantage given to criminals by legal technicalities, the administrative inefficiency resulting from the opposition of "personal liberty" to "paternalism"—the inevitable badness of goodness that is static and non-progressive is repeatedly illustrated. Such merely formal goodness, ripe at an earlier time, becomes rotten at a later time. The many ethical questions raised by present economic conditions are treated with admirable fullness and perspicacity. Of these, as discussed through four chapters, it is impossible to speak in detail. At various points the basic conception of the whole crops out. Dr. Dewey in his "Outlines" stated it thus in 1891: "Morality is a life of *aspiration* and of *faith*." It is not a static conformity to the moral order which happens at any time to exist. It is a dynamic aim "to modify or transform both natural and social environments," to build a "kingdom of man" which shall be also an ideal social order, "the kingdom of God." This only is moral life—real, as distinct from conventional morality, life "instinct with movement and struggle." Such a work as this, in its scientific method, judicial temper, and thorough scrutiny of moral defects, is a strong and timely re-enforcement of the incipient advance from "customary morality" to "reflective morality," which now inspires hope of the proper fruits of a wide moral revival.

CO-OPERATION An English university scholar, a research student in the London School of Economics, gives in this volume[1] a vast amount of valuable information covering the entire field of co-operative activity in European countries—(1) in banking, (2) in agricultural societies for production, sale, and land tenure, (3) in workers' societies for production and sale, (4) in co-operative stores, social and industrial, concluding with an account of co-operative law, and a large bibliography. A co-operative society, "an association of the weak . . . to lift themselves and others out of weakness into strength," is sharply distinguished from combination, "an association of the strong to become stronger." It is "not the herald of socialism, nor is it a means to combat it," but simply a natural outworking of the associative instinct in a line of self-help not cultivated by socialism. Various futile experiments in co-operation are noted, and the causes of failure, with the weaknesses and controversies attendant upon various forms of co-operation, especially profit-sharing, and also the moral qualities requisite for stability and success. The two main wings of the co-operative movement are held to be the agricultural society and the store, and these are coming into closer mutual relations. A work of wide and varied practical interest for social workers is this.

[1] Co-operation at Home and Abroad. By C. R. Fay, B.A. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3, net.

DR AKED'S SERMONS The discourses in this volume[1] are not merely sermons; they are also literature—which most sermons are not. They are evangelical, and they are also distinctly modern in their wide outlook upon the things and thoughts of the world's work, and play, and folly, and wrong. Their ethical tone and temper are incisive and stirring. Their felicitously modernized interpretation from an ethical and religious standpoint of Lord Bacon's famous aphorisms concerning the "idols of the Tribe, the Cave, the Market-place, and the Theatre" is thoroughly characteristic of the preacher whom strangers crowd to hear in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. The reader of these sermons will desire more of the same sort.

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[1] Old Events and Modern Meanings, and Other Sermons. By Charles F. Aked, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25, net.

[2] English Voyages of Adventure and Discovery. By Edwin M. Bacon. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

[3] Brotherhood: The Call of the Century. By J. W. Van Kirk. Published by the Author, Youngstown, Ohio. $1.

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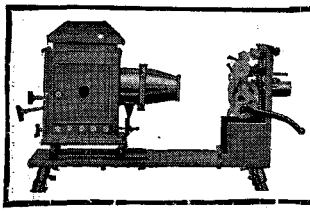

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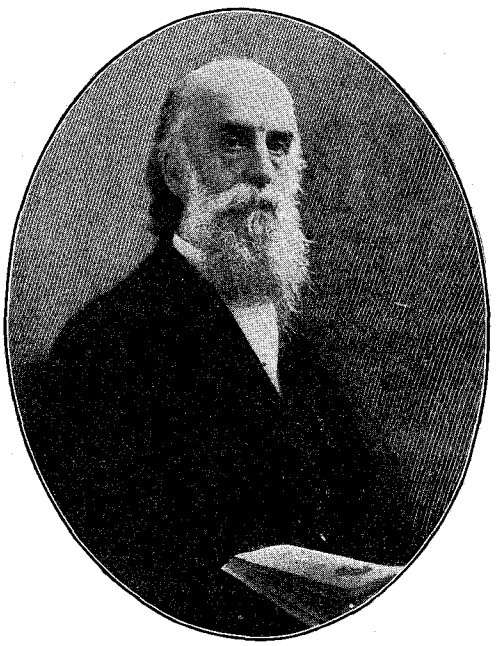

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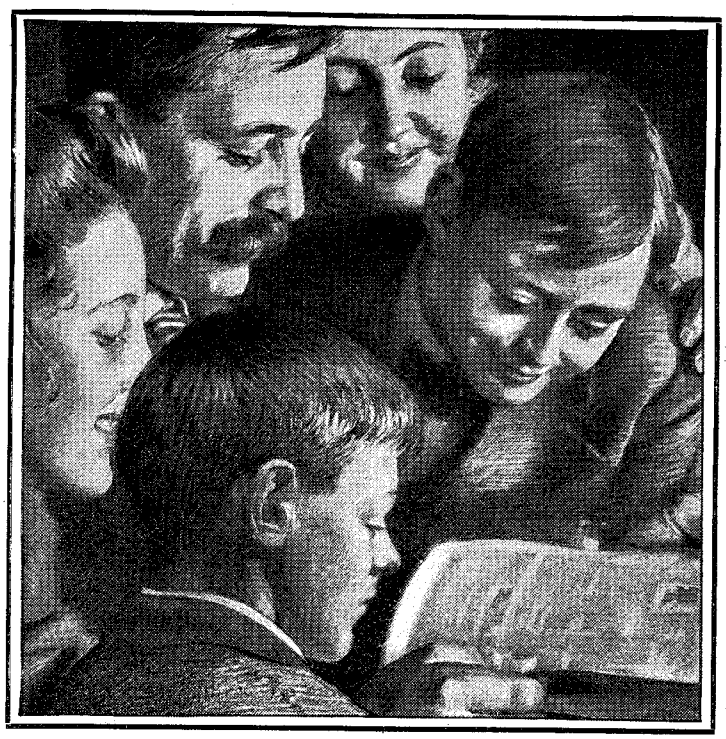

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